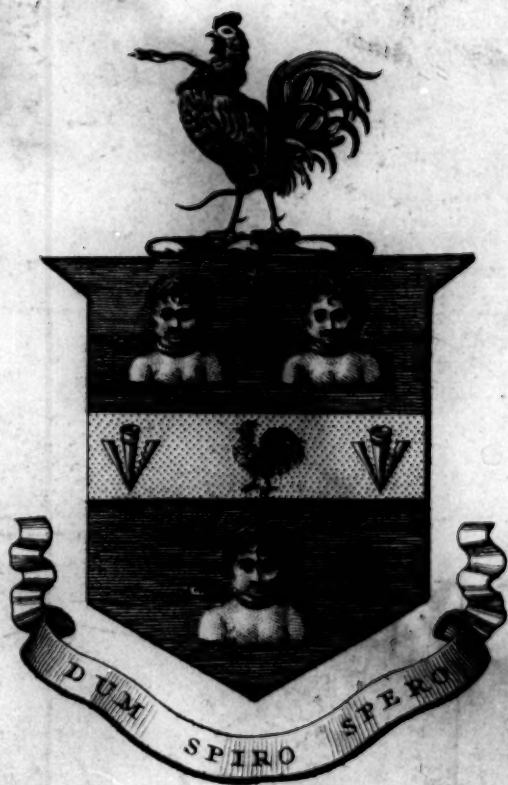
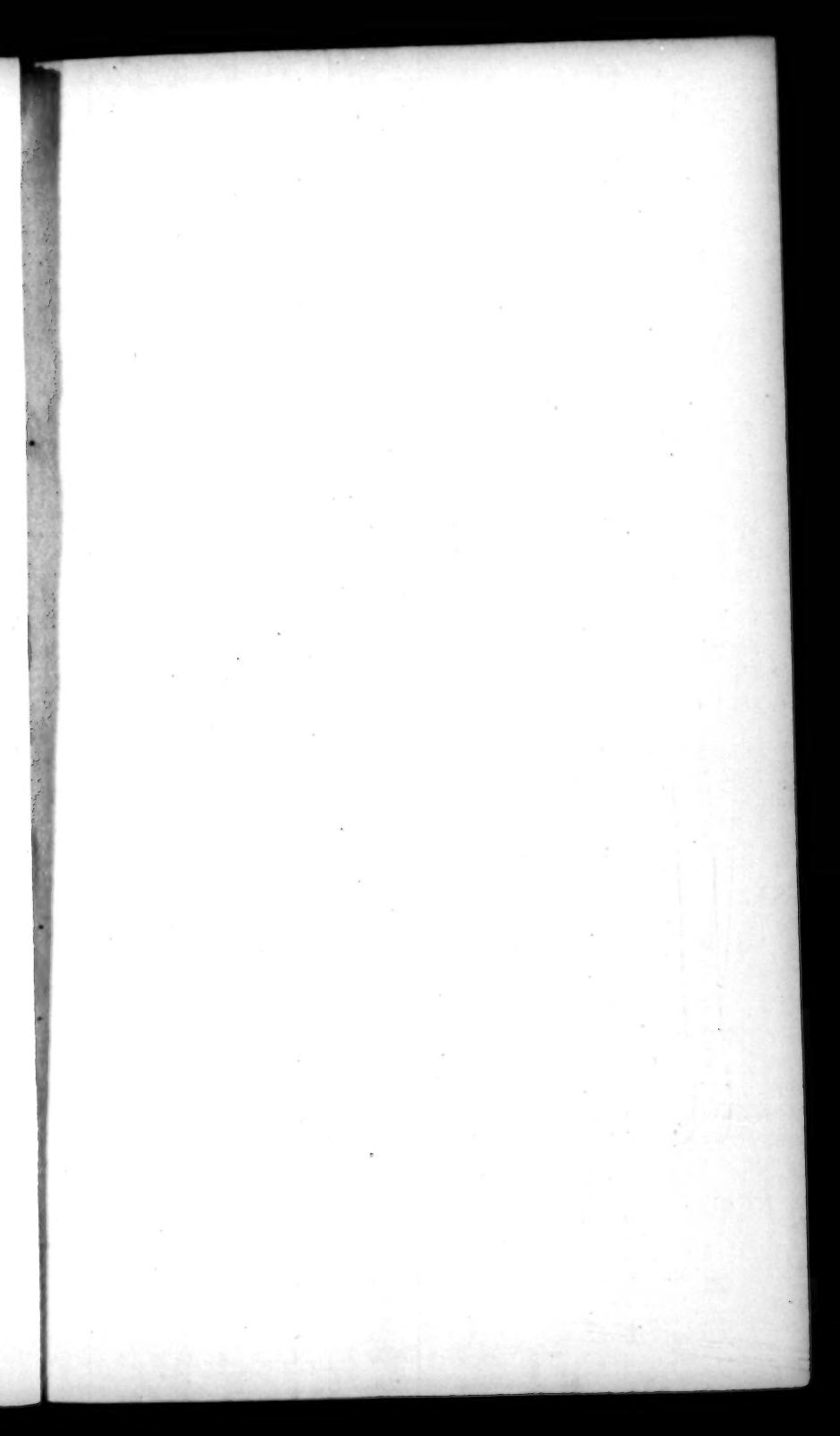


John Morice.



John Morice.



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THE
DRAMATIC WRITINGS

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

MURRAY & PINKER
AND SONS

LONDON.

Printed by the Order of

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SHAKESPEARE

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators ;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Seventh.

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M DCC LXXXVIII.

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

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PRINTED CORRECTLY FROM THE BEST EDITION BY

SAM. JOHNSON



CONTAINING
A HISTORY OF
THE
REIGN OF
HENRY THE SEVENTH

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXIII.

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MERCHANT of VENICE.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

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And revised from the last Editions.

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First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toll'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXXV.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE:

Placed Complete from the Text of

JOHN JOHNSON & GEO. SEEVERS,

And printed from the new Edition

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF THE

MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

THE story was taken from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Winkin de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice—The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chooseth me, shall find that he deserveth.* The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms, the superscription was thus, *Whoso chooseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie, *Whoso chooseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chooses the *leaden vessel*.
FARMER.

It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed

from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that *Shakspeare* must have had some other novel in view. JOHNSON.

“There lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice, to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo: he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

“Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good-will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

“Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him.

Ansaldo

Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

“ It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

“ The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company.

These

These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

"The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine: he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame: but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

"This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwrecked, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

"The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his compani-

ons arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep, the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing

seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

“Poor Giannetto’s head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo inquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

“Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night

to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

"Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

"The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

B

A Giannetto

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo; gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady inquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

“ Several

“Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants.” Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer’s habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer’s dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, Justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best

men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and axe; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after
much

much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond : why did not you take the money when it was offered ? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand : but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me, at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money ; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady ? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto : nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says

Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feasts, tilts, and diversions, went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his carresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him

him where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear, by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening, not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment."

THE CHOICE OF THE CASKETS.

RUGGIERI DE FICIONANNI took a resolution of going for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely

minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in
the

the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless, your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see, Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your sake I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT OF VENICE, the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious
fixes

fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco.

Prince of Arragon.

ANTHONIO, the Merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his Friend.

SALANIO,

SALARINO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.

GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew.

LAUNCELOT, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.

GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.

SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.

LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.

STEPHANO, }

WOMEN.

PORTIA, an Heiress.

NERISSA, Waiting-Maid to Portia.

JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.



MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice. Enter ANTHONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads :
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

20

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this: and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
 But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

30

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

31

Sala.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are

sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy

For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are

merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed

Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;

And other of such vinegar aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-

man,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;

We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you

merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?

say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so? 69

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SAL. and SALA.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,

We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;

You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part, 80

And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;— 90

There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond:

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be drest in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*

And

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,

For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those

ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,

fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-

time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years

more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own

tongue.

Anth. Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commend-

able

In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRA. and LOREN.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now!

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,

more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as

two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you

Cij shall

shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search. 121

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of. 125

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate;
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe. 130

Anth. I pray you good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions. 140

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
Myself, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring you latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have: 160
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And am I prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth; 170
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,

Ciiij

I have

I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity

To raise a present sum: Therefore go forth,

Try what my credit can in Venice do;

That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,

Where money is; and I no question make,

To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

*A Room in PORTIA'S House at Belmont. Enter PORTIA
and NERISSA.*

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
eries were in the same abundance as your good for-
tunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick,
that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with no-
thing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated
in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,
but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband:—O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none? 214

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection. 215

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he does nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation

appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith. 231

Ner. Then, there is the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two! 240

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him. 252

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the
the

the English. He is a proper man's picture; But alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 163

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour? 164

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another. 167

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew? 168

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him. 171

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 181

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it: I will do any thing Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge. 184

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: 185

terminations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 292

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 292

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat? 301

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd. 301

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 301

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news? 301

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Moroco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night. 301

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should 301

should shrieve me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A public Place in Venice. Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well. 320

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that. 330

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—

land,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad;
 But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be
 land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land
 thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the pe-
 ril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, not-
 withstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—
 I think, I may take his bond. 346

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and, that I may be
 assur'd,

I will bethink me: May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us. 350

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation
 which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil
 into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with
 you, walk with you, and so following; but I will
 not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with
 you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes
 here?

Enter ANTHONIO.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he
 looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian: 360
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To ANTH.]
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd?
How much you would

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But
hear you;—
Methoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

[D] This

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
 (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
 say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,

That all the eanlings, which were streak'd, and
 py'd,

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
 In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
 for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:

But note me, signior.

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'Tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances: 430

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own:

Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to then; you come to me, and you say, 440

Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur: 440

Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money? is it possible,

A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—*Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;*

Dij

You

*You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.* 450

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?);
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Sky. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your
love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Sky. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before 480
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond.

Sky. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, 490
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Sky. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard 500
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.]

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows
kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's
mind.

Anth. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt;*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four Followers accordingly ; with PORTIA, NERISSA, and her Train. Flourish Cornets.

Morocco.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it top : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing :

But,

But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you ;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse,—if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [Cornets.
To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men. 49

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Street in Venice. Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away :* My conscience says,—*no ; take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels :* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ; *via !* says the fiend ; *away !* says the fiend, *for the heavens ; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ;—well, my conscience says,—Launcelot, budge not ; budge,* says the fiend ; *budge not,* says my conscience : Conscience, say I, you counsel well ; fiend, say I, you counsel well : to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay

stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

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Enter old GOBBO, his Father, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

91

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob.

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live. 100

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven. 113

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead? 120

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will

will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, lets have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who,

who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 160

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and a Follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy: Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,— 171

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he! (saying your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir. 190

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son: 200

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out: give him a livery

[To his Followers.

More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—
I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, [looking
on his palm] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,
which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have
good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life!
here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is
nothing;

nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUN. and old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to night My best esteem'd acquaintance;—hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—

Parts, that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where thou art not known, why, there they

shew

Something too liberal ;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night ; you shall not gage
me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity ;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment : But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper-time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

SHYLOCK'S House. Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, 260
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Chris-
tian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much
deceiv'd: but, adieu! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit. 272

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Street. Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers,

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two
hours
To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it
shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,

E iij

I will

I will not fail her ;—Speak it privately : go.— 301

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [Exit LAUN.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica? 310

Lor. I must needs tell thee all : she hath di-

rected,

How I must take her from her father's house ;

What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest : 320

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

SHYLOCK'S House. Enter SHYLOCK, and LAUN-
CELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What,

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I
could do nothing without bidding. 331

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to night. 340

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
doth expect your reproach,

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will
not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding
on black-monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning,
falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year
in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,

Jessica: 350

Lock

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
 But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to night:
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
 Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
 Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
 There will come a Christian by,
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit LAUN.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing
 else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
 feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild cat; drones hive not with
 me.—

Therefore I part with him; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do, as I bid you,

Shut the doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes.

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

The Street. Enter GRATIANO, and SALANIO, in Masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand. 381

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse, that doth untread again? 390
His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!!
How like a prodigal doth she return;

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter

Enter LORENZO.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here.
after. 400

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

JESSICA above, in Boy's Clothes.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit, I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows, 410
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet, I ; I no deny me I .
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit, from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away ;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[Exit, with JESSICA, &c.

Enter ANTHONIO.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis

'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—
 No masque to night ; the wind is come about,
 Bassanio presently will go aboard :
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,
 Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Belmont. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco,
 and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
 The several caskets to this noble prince :— 451
 Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
 bears ;—

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;—

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—

How shall I know if I do chuse the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
 prince ; 460

If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
 I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead. 470

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get us much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady: 480

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds 490

Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie
 there,

Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold Casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;

Often have you heard that told;

Many a man his life hath sold,

But my outside to behold;

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbs, in judgment old,

Your answer had not been inscol'd:

Fare you well: your suit is cold.

Mor.

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour lost;

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost.

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Per. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
go:—

Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Venice. Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail; 530
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the
duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke;
They were not with Bassanio in his ship. 540

Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

Fij

A sealed

*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!* 550
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught: 560
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sala. You were best to tell Anthonio what you
hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd,—*Do not so,*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very ripening of the time; 570
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there;

And

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him,
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sala. Do we so. [Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Belmont. Enter *NERISSA*, with a *Servant*.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his *Train*; *PORTIA*, with hers. *Flourish*
of *Cornets*.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince:

If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life,
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self. 601

Ar. And so have I address me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire, — That many may be
meant

Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach; 610
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; For who shall go about 620
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? and how much
 honour

630

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:

I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
 there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

642

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;

Seven times try'd that judgment is,

That did never chuse amiss:

Some there be, that shadows kiss;

650

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

There

*There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.— 660
*Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.* [Exit.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord? 670

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 686

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him,—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Venice. Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Sala.

Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!— 14

Sal. Come the full stop.

Sala.

Sala. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—

But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the

the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for? 49

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both. 71

Sal.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Sal. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SAL. and SALAN.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 78

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding. 92

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub.

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 101

Sky. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Sky. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 111

Sky. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sky. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone. 120

Sky. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Belmont. Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO,
and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while :
There's something tells me (but it is not love), 131
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality :
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn ;
So will I never be : so you may miss me ;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, 140
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours : Oh ! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time ;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length, 150
To stay you from election.

Bass.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out. 170
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let musick sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is—
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day, 180
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 189
 Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[Musick within.]

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart, or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell,

All. Ding, dong, bell. 200

Bass. —So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscure

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,

And here choose I ; Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy,
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ; 240
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit ! *[Opening the leaden Casket,*

Bass. What find I here ?
Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven 250
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd : Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view, 260
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave ;
[Kissing her.

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize, 270
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish, 280
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; and happier than this, 290
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;

Happiest

Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ; god
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Exprest, and not exprest : But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
And, when your honours mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there; 330
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. 341

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your
marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a
thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here 350
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my
lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along. 360

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a Letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth?

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success; 370
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sal.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath
lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same
paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead : else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself, 380
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 390
How much I was a braggart : When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ? 400
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man: 410
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh, 420
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy. 430

Por.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me wife;

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side 440

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over:

When it is paid, bring your true friend along:

My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend. 449

Bass. [reads.] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste : but 'till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, 460
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice. Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ; — Tell not me of
 mercy ; —

This is the fool that lent out money gratis : —

Gaoler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
 bond ;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause ;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :

The duke shall grant me justice. — I do wonder, 470

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee
 speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men. 480

Anth. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have 491

With us in Venice; if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on;—Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! 500

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Belmont. Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good, 510
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd, 520
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,

Until

Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here;
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind;
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on
you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt JESSICA, and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the traject, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exil.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both apparell'd like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
 I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por.

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter LAUNCELOT, and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I
promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with
you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter:
Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you
are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do
you any good; and that is but a kind of a bastard
hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your fa-
ther got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so
the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by
father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your
father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; so well,
you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made
me a Christian.

Laun.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money. 612

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 613

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for. 614

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 615

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory 650
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion.
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; 660
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife,

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. 670

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a sto-
mach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Senate-House in Venice. Enter the Duke, the Sena-
tors; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and
others.*

Duke,

WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an-
swer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth.

Anth. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd

To

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom;
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affections,
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain leathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass.

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, 106
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor, 110
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph. 120

Enter NERISSA, dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord ; Bellario greets your
 grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
 there.

Gra. Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog! 130
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous. 140

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my
 bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of
you, 150
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

*Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your
letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your mes-
senger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antho-
nio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together:
he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with
his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough
commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up
your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his
lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend
estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old
an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose
trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter PORTIA, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
writes;

And

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord. 170

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law 180
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To ANTHONIO.]

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd; 190
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's, too
When mercy seasons justice: Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee. 234

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenger.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge; 241
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me; I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment. 245

Por. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife. 250

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast : 259

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. 270

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Anth. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein fortune shews herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off. 280

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Anthonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife 290
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew. 300

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a
daughter;

Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge! 309

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Sky. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. 320

Gra. O upright judge?—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Sky. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Sky. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft; 330
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much

Act 4. **MERCHANT of VENICE.** Scene I.



Ramberg del^o

Cook sculp^d

*MR. MACKLIN in SHYLOCK.
Most learned Judge! a Sentence, come,
prepare.*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand, March 20th 1788.

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance;
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn 340
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
feiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond. 349

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien, 366

That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too, 370
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: 380
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court, 391

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have

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SHAKESPEARE



MERCHANT of VENICE.

In christening thou shalt have two godfathers.

Act 4.

Scene 2.

P. J. de L. and W. J. de L.

The other half in use,—to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd, 400
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
 The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
 I am not well; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. 410

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
 fathers;
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
 I must away this night to Padua,
 And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
 Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. 420

[*Exeunt Duke, and his Train.*]

K

Bass.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid; 430
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther;

Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this. 440

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me. 450

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever, 460
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit with *NERISSA*.]

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house:—away, make haste.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both 469
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home:

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,

Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:

This ring I do accept most thankfully,

480

And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,

I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To PORTIA.*]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;

But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. A Grove, or green Place, before PORTIA'S House. Enter LORENZO, and JESSICA.

Lorenzo.

THE moon shines bright :—In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night,

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lar. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice, 20
As far as Belmont.

K i i j

Jes.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man. 30

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Behmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid. 40
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man; here. 50

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your musick forth into the air.— 60

[*Exit Servant.*]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.— 70

Co

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

[Musick.]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
 loud, 80
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of musick touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
 floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But musick for the time doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no musick in himself, 99
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter PORTIA, and NERISSA, at a Distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams !

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less : 100
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark ! [*Musick.*

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think, 110
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection ?—
Peace ! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! [*Musick ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckow, 120
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,

Give order to my servants, that they take 130

No note at all of our being absent hence;—

Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A Tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,

Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun. 139

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But, God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Anthonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound,

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of. 149

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;

It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And

And riveted with faith unto your flesh. 180
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
 Never to part with it; and here he stands:
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
 And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away 190
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
 Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
 And neither man, nor master, would take aught
 But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
 Not that I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
 I would deny it, but you see, my finger
 Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone. 200

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
 By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
 Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
 'Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring, 210

When

When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony? 220

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him; 230

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you; 240
I'll not deny him any thing I have,

L

No,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
 Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
 I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
 How you do leave me to mine own protection. 249

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
 For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself, —

Por. Mark you but that!

In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
 In each eye, one: — swear by your double self, 260
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
 [To PORTIA.
 Had quite miscarry'd: I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly. 269

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this:
 And

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;

For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano;

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-way

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:

What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario;

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo, here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And but even now return'd; I have not yet

Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,

Than you expect; unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me

cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

300

Bass.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;—
When I am absent, then dies with my wife.

Antho. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
; old living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd

Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so! The first inter'gatory,

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing

So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt omnes.

THE END

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON THE

MERCHANT *of* VENICE,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVII.

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MDCCLXXXVII.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON THE

MERCHANT of VENICE.

Dramatis Personæ.] IN the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

Line 6. Salanio.] It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*.

10. Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet, entitled, "*Caleb Shillocke*, his Propheſie, or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Payver.) No date. STEEVENS.

14. This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

A ij

Merchant

Merchant of Venice.] The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, prefixed to the play, and at the conclusion of the notes. It should, however, be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelist, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shewn at the Bull, representing the greedinesse of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers. These plays," says Gosson (for he mentions others with it), "are good and sweete plays," &c.

The *Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, neither was performed nor printed till some time after the author's death, which happened in 1593, nor do I know of any other play with the same title. It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers-Company, July 22, in the same year. It

could

could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of *Gernutes the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*; and the ballad, entitled, *The Murtherous lyfe and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedie on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594.

STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 9. — *argosies* —] IN Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragusans* lent their last great ship to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

18. *Plucking the grass, &c.*] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

"This way I used in shooting. Betwixt the markes

A iij

was

was an open place, there I take a fethers, or a lytle grasse,
and so learned how the wind stood." Ascham.

JOHNSON.

19. *Prying*—] One of the quartos reads—*peering*.
I have followed the other, because it prevents the
jingle which, otherwise, occurs in the line.

STEEVENS.

28. ——— *Andrew* ———] The name of the ship.

JOHNSON.

29. *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,*] In
Bullokar's *English Expository*, 1616, to *vail*, is thus
explained: "It means to put off the hat, to strike sail,
to give sign of submission." So, in Stephen Gosson's
book, called *Plays confuted in several actions*:

"They might have vailed and bended to the
king's idol."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1609:

"I'll vail my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Hey-
wood:

"——— it did me good

"To see the Spanish Carveil vail her top

"Unto my maiden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Ra-
leigh; and I often meet with the word in Jarvis
Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

54. ——— *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a
very picturesque image of the countenance in laugh-
ing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

57. — *their teeth* in way of smile,] Because such are apt enough to shew their teeth in anger.

WARBURTON.

82. *Let me play the Fool :*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*.

WARBURTON.

91. *There are a sort of men whose visages*

Do cream——] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line :

“With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

So also, the author of *Bussy d'Ambois* :

“Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces.”

HENLEY.

96. *As who should say——I am Sir Oracle,*] The folio reads :

——I am Sir, *an* oracle, MALONE.

97. ——*let no dog bark !*] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529 :

“——nor there shall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes.”

STEEVENS.

101. ——*would almost damn those ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this : That some people are thought wise whilst they

they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel.

THEOBALD.
107. *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.

WARBURTON.
113. *Farewel: I'll grow a talker for this gear.*] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here. I would therefore read,

"I'll grow a talker for this year"—alluding to what Gratiano has just said:

"Well, keep me company but two years more."

MALONE.
116. *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read, *is that any thing new?*

JOHNSON.
The sense of the old reading is,—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing?

STEEVENS.
Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Anthonio asks: *Is that any thing now?* and Bassanio answers, that *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing*—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*.

TYRWHITT.
The first and second folio read, by an apparent error of the press:

It is that any thing now.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the old reading is supported by a passage in *Othello*:

"Can any thing be made of this?" MALONE.

163. —*prest unto it*:—] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but ready. *Pret. Fr.* So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"What must be, must be, Cæsar's *prest* for all." Again, in *Hant Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

"———your good word

"Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good."

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification.

STEEVENS.

166. —*sometimes from her eyes*] *Sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*some time* fellow of such a college."

FARMER.

196. *Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs*,] *i. e.* Superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

209. *But this reasoning is not in the fashion*] Folio.— But this *reason* is not in fashion. MALONE.

227. *Ay that's a colt, indeed, for he does nothing but talk of his horse*;] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* JOHNSON.

232. —*there is the county Palatine*.] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly

monly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's lifetime, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

256. — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*]

A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

264. — *Scottish lord,* —] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

269. *I think the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

271. *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

297. — *and I pray God grant them a fair departure.*] The folio reads:

— *and I wish them a fair, &c.*

The alteration was probably made in consequence of the stat. 3. Jac. I. cap. 21. MALONE.

308.

308. *How now! what news?*] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

315. —condition—] *temper, qualities.* MALONE.

351. —the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into.] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people.

HENLEY.

364. *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers, and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob, when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c.

HENLEY.

368. —well won—] The folio reads *well worn.*

MALONE.

382. —the ripe wants of my friend,] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read, *rise wants*, wants that come thick upon him.

JOHNSON.

400. —the eanlings,—] Lambs just dropt; from *ean, eniti.* MUSGRAVE.

406. —of kind,] *i. e. of nature.* So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh

eth to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"———nothing doth so please her mind,

"As to see maies and hories do their kind."

COLLINS.

407. ———the fulsome ewe;] *Fulsome*, I believe in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acostasius his After-White*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why shines not Phœbus in the *fulsome* night!"

In the play of *Muleasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome a Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the *Odyssey*.

410. *This was a way to thrive, &c.*] So, in the ancient song of *Gerardus the Jew of Venice*:

"His wife must lend a shilling,

"For every weeke a penny,

"Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,

"If that you will have any.

"And see, likewise, you keepe your day,

"Or else you lose it all:

"This was the living of the wife,

"Her *cow* she did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury.

PERCY.

420. *The devil can cite scripture for his purpose*——]

See *Matthew*, iv. 6.

HENLEY.

424. *O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!*] I wish any copy would give me authority to range and read the lines thus :

O, what a godly outside falsehood hath!

An evil soul producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

Or goodly apple rotten at the heart.

Yet there is no difficulty in the present reading. *Falsehood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.

JOHNSON.

430. — *my usances:*] *Use* and *Usance* are both words anciently employ'd for *usury*. So, in the *English Traveller*, 1633 :

“ Give me my *use*, give me my principal.”

Again,

“ A toy ; the main about five hundred pounds,”

“ And the *use* fifty.” STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation :

“ I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounce lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnyng stil upon usurie and double usurie, the *merchants* termyng it *usance* and *double usance*. By a more elenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounce at first, so that his land was clean gone, beyng five hundreth pounces inherytance for one thousand pound in money,

B

and

and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres,
and the man now beggeth." *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572,
p. 32. REED.

431. *Still I have borne it with a patient shrug;*] So,
in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
"Heave up my shoulders when they call me dogge."

MALONE.

434. *And spit—*] The old copies always read *spet*,
which spelling is followed by *Milton*:

"——the womb

"Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

STEEVENS.

455. *A breed of barren metal of his friend?*] A
breed, that is, interest money bred from the principal.
By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in
the argument on which the advocates against usury
went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing, and
cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to
set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put
breed and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage.
Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and
silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature
hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, and usurie makes
them *procreative*."

FARMEL.

The quarto, 1600, printed for J. Heyes, reads—
a breed for—— STEEVENS.

474. ——pleaseth me.] Folio——it pleaseth me.

MALONE.

478. —*dwell in my necessity.*] To *dwell*, seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*.

JOHNSON.

482. —*the value of the bond.*] Folio—*this bond*.

MALONE.

498. —*left in the fearful guard, &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* *terrors*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Henry IV.* Part I.

“A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.”

STEEVENS.

503. *I like not fair terms,* —] Kind words, good language.

JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 7. *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*]

To understand how the tawney prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *dily liver'd* lown; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*.

JOHNSON:

Bij

I was

I was much stricken at the similitude of a proposition to this, which was made by a negro slave in Virginia, of whom, to try his acuteness, I had asked, "—How it happened that, as Adam and Eve were white, he, their descendant should be black?"—His reply was: "I don't know: but, prick your hand and prick mine, my blood is as red as your's."

HANLEY.

9. *Hath fear'd the valiant ; —] i. e. terrify'd.*

STEEVENS.

26. *That slew the Sophy, &c.]* Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never entangled himself with geography worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of sultan Soliman (the second, for instance), I see no geographical objection to his having killed the Sophy of Persia. See *D'Herbelot in Soliman Ben Selim.*

TYRWHITT.

44. *—therefore be advis'd.]* Therefore be not precipitate; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*.

JOHNSON.

50. *Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.]* The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his entrances or exits.

STEEVENS.

57. *—scorn running with thy heels:]* Launcelot was designed for a wag, but perhaps not for an absurd

one.

one. We may therefore suppose, no such expression would have been put in his mouth, as our author had censured in another character. When Pistol says, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels*, has scarce less of absurdity. It has been suggested, that we should read and point the passage as follows; "Do not run; scorn running; *withe* thy heels;" *i. e.* connect them with a *withe* (a band made of osiers), as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries to prevent their straggling far from home. The Irishman in *Sir John Oldcastle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman has the following passage;

" ———— There let him lie

" Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply,

" A *withe* a fathom long, with which his feete

" I made together in a sure league meete!"

STEEVENS.

84. ———— *try conclusions*] So the old quarto. The first folio, by a mere blunder, reads, *try confusions*, which, because it makes a kind of paultry jest, has been copied by all the editors. JOHNSON.

To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" ———— since favour

" Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*."

Again, in the *Lancashire Witches*, 1634:

B iij

" Nay

"Nay then I'll try conclusions ;

"Mare, Mare, see thou be,

"And where I point thee, carry me."

STEEVENS.

88. *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the inquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers of Terence* :

"*—ubi eas præterieris,*

"*Ad sinistram hac recta platea : ubi ad Diana veneris,*

"*Ita ad dextram : prius quam ad portam venias,*" &c.

WARBURTON.

92. *—God sonties,—*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

Again, in *The longer thou liv'st the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. let. without date :

"*God's sainte*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santi*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his saints. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations, which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

103. *Your worship's friend*, and Launcelot, sir,] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*. It may be inferred from the name

of

of *Gobbo*, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

143. ——— my *thill-horse*——] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632: ———

“ ——— I will

“ Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be

“ I’ the *fills*.”

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: “ ——— acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fibb the *fil-horse*,” &c.

———— STEEVENS.

The two first folios read *phil-horse*. So also the word is spelled in the two instances produced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

203. ——— more guarded——] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.

205. *Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,*] *Table* was the chiromantick term for the lines of the hand. So, Ben Jonson in his *Mask of Gipsies*, to the lady Elizabeth Hatton:

“ *Mistress of a fairer table,*

“ *Hath not history, nor fable.*” WARBURTON.

Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations.

attestations. *Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book—* Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

212. ——— *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;—*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la point d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompû le Cou.*"—WARBURTON.

235. *Something too liberal ;—*] Liberal I have already shewn to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious.

JOHNSON.

244. ——— *hood mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in the *Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604 :

"And like a hooded hawk," &c. STEEVENS.

247. ——— *sad ostent*] Grave appearance ; shew of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Ostent is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatick writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

"——— you in those times

"Did not affect *ostent*."

Again, in Chapman's translation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, B. 6.

"——— did bloodie vapours raine

"For *sad ostent*," &c. STEEVENS.

284. ——— *torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4. We have not spoke us yet, &c.

i. e.

i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us, &c.* Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet." STEEVENS.

299. —to break up *this,*] To *break up* was a term in carving. STEEVENS.

336. —————to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.————] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither eat, drink, nor pray with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

345. —then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,——] "*Black-Monday* is a moveable day; it is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of bleeding at the nose: "As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his." STEEVENS.

Again,

Again, in *The Duchess of Malsy*, 1640, act i. sc. 2.

“How superstitiously we mind our evils?”

“The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,

“Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

“Or singing of a creket, are of power

“To daunt whole man in us.” REED.

351. *Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,*

Pimâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias

Sub cantu querulæ despice tibîæ.

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 7.

MALONE.

352. —the vile squeaking—] The folio and one of the quartos read *squealing*. STEEVENS.

364. *There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.*] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.

368. *The patch is kind enough;—*] This term came into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: “A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopœia, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things—As to call one *Patche*, or *Cowlson*, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because these two in their times were notable fools.”

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patch* wore, was in allusion to his name, patched or particoloured. Hence the stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley

motley coat. In Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, or *History of K. Henry VIII.* 1632, Cardinal Wolsey's fool *Patch* is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *Patch* of whom Wilson speaks.

MALONE.

394. —a *younker*,—] All the old copies read a *younger*. STEEVENS.

*How like a younker or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribbs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!]*

Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following :

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
ing prey."

The *grim repose* however, was suggested by Thomson's

"—deep fermenting tempest brew'd
"In the *grim* evening sky." HENLEY.

397. —*doth she return* ;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *masculine* gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate

use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscured the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender.

STEEVENS.

398. *With over weather'd ribs, —*] The first and second folio read

With over wither'd ribs. MALONE.

432. *— a Gentile, and no Jew.*] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well-born*.

JOHNSON.

So at the conclusion of the first part of *Hieronimo*, &c. 1605 :

“ — So, good night kind gentles,

“ For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all.”

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620 :

“ Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far.”

STEEVENS.

A Gentile, and no Jew.] Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, “*The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman*.”

FARMER.

457. *— as blunt;*] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

JOHNSON.

506. *— insculp'd upon;*] To *insculp* is to engrave. So, in *Woman never Vex'd*, 1632 :

“ — in golden text

Shall be *insculp'd*.”

STEEVENS.

The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it.

M. C. T.

51

529. ——— *chuse me so.*] The old quarto edition of 1600 has no distribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont.

JOHNSON.

557. *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;*] *i. e.* I conversed. So, in *King John*:

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reason* now." Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,

"To do what fits, and reason mutually."

STEEVENS.

569. *Slubber not*——] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently."

STEEVENS.

572. ——— *your mind of love* :] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption.

JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*.

LANGTON.

Of love, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, *Merry Wives*, act ii. sc. 2.

"*Quick*. — desires you to send her your little page, of *all loves*:" i. e. she desires you to send him by all means.

Your mind of love may; however, in this instance, mean—your loving mind. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604: "A mind of treason is a treasonable mind."

"Those that speak freely, have no mind of treason."

STEEVENS.

582. —embraced heaviness] We say of a man now, that he hugs his sorrows; and why might not Anthonio embrace heaviness?

JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, sc. 1.

"You embrace your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of the *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 2.

"—doubtful thoughts and rash-embrace'd despair."

STEEVENS.

602. And so have I address me:—] To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies.

STEEVENS.

I believe we should read,

"And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now,

"To my heart's hope!"

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. scene the last, Falstaff says,

"—I will then address me to my appointment."

TYRWHITT.

613. —in the force——] i. e. the power.

STEEVENS.

629. *How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour?——]* The
meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among
the great, and how much greatness among the mean.*

JOHNSON.

652. —*I wis,*] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in
Shakspeare's *Henry VI.*

“*I wis* your grandame had no worser match.”
Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyzes*:

“*Yea I wis* shall you, and that with all speed.”
Ascham and *Waller* both use the word. STEEVENS.

654. *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the
poet had forgotten that he who missed *Portia* was
never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

662. —*to bear my wroth.*] The old editions
read—“*to bear my wroath.*” *Wroath* is used in some
of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like
ruth, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for
the miseries of another*. The modern editors read—
my wrath. STEEVENS.

674. —*regreets;*] i. e. salutations. So, in *King
John*, act iii. sc. 1.

“*Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret.*”

STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 9. —**K**_{NAPT} *ginger*,—] To *knap* is to break short. The word occurs in the *Psalms*. STEEVENS.

41. —a *bankrupt*, a *prodigal*,] There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

117. —it was my *turquoise*, I had it of *Leah*, when I was a *bachelor* :] A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or abated.

To this Ben Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus* :

“And true as *Turkise*, in my dear lord's ring,

“Look well or ill with him.”

Again, in the *Muses Elysium*, by Drayton :

“The *turkesse*, which who haps to wear,

“Is often kept from peril.”

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. let. 4to. 1569 : “The *Turkeys* doth move when there

there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it."

P. 51. b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, some time of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have presented *Shylock* with his *Turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

STEEVENS.

147. *And so though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,]*
It may be more grammatically read:

And so though yours I'm not yours. JOHNSON.

148. *Let fortune go to hell for it—not I,]* This line is very obscure. The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath."

REVISAL.

149. —to *peize the time*;] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow."
To *peize the time*, therefore, is to *retard it by hanging weights upon it*. All the modern editors read, without authority,—*piece*.

STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense*, to *delay*.

Thus, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not speaking words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each syllable."

HENLEY.

183. *With no less presence,—*] With the same dignity of mein. JOHNSON.

190. *Live thou, I live;—With much much more dismay*

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.] One of the quartos reads,

Live then, I live with much more dismay

To view the fight, than, &c.

The folio, 1623, thus :

Live thou, I live with much more dismay

I view the fight, than, &c.

The other quartos give the present reading.

JOHNSON.

195. *Reply.*] These words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as a verse in the song, but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

201. *So may the outward shows—*] He begins abruptly, the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

204. *—gracious voice,*] Pleasing; winning favour.

JOHNSON.

217. *—by the weight;*] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

220. *—crisped—*] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

224. *—in the sepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 3. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

225. —the *guiled shore*] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

227. —*Indian beauty*; —] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads,

———— *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

234. *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence* :]
Former editions had

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence :

The word *plainness* characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *laden casket* :

This third, dull lead, with warning all is blunt.

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

“ ————— Thou *stale*, and common drudge

“ ’Tween man and man.” —————

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

“ Diane declining, *pale* as any *tedde*.”

Says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax’s *Tasso*, we have

“ The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*.”

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the duke of Buckingham* :

“ Now

"Now pale as lead, now cold as any stone."
And in the old ballad of the *King and the Beggar* :

"———She blushed scarlet red,

"Then straight again, as pale as lead."

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks
look pale,

"I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

"Of saucy and audacious eloquence." FARMER.

240. *In measure rain thy joy,——*] The first quarto edition reads,

In measure range thy joy.

The folio, and one of the quartos :

In measure raine thy joy.

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant :

In measure rein thy joy.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only, where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised.

——— JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"——pour not too fast joys on me,

"But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context ; and more especially

cially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

"——being once chaf'd, he cannot

"Be rein'd again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

"Rein thy tongue."

STEEVENS.

244. *Fair Portia's counterfeit ?——*] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

STEEVENS.

254. *Methinks, it should have pow'r to steal both his, And leave itself unfurnish'd:——*] I know not how *unfinish'd* has intruded without notice into the later editions, as the quartos and folio have *unfurnish'd*, which Sir Thomas Hanmer has received. Perhaps it might be:

And leave himself unfurnish'd.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation would altogether subvert the poet's meaning. If the artist, in painting one of Portia's eyes, should lose both his own, that eye which he had painted, must necessarily be *left unfurnished*, or destitute of its fellow.

HENLEY.

274. *—peals——*] The second 4to. reads, *pearles* of praise.

JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbours of Virtue*, 1576:

"The

"The *pearles of praise* that deck a noble name." Again, in R. C.'s verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard* :

"But that that bears the *pearle of praise* away."

STEEVENS.

287. *Is sum of something ;—*] Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads,

Is sum of nothing.————

The purport of the reading in the text seems to be this :

————the full *sum* of me is sum of nothing, *i. e.* is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—an *unlesson'd girl*, &c.

STEEVENS.

320. ———*you can wish none from me :*] That is, none *away from me* ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

JOHNSON.

328. ———*for intermission*] *Intermission* is *pause, intervening time, delay*. So, in *Macbeth* :

"————gentle heaven

Cut short all *intermission* !"

STEEVENS.

471. ———*so fond*] *i. e.* so foolish. STEEVENS.

476. ———*dull-ey'd fool*,] This epithet, *dull-ey'd*, is bestow'd on *melancholy* in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*.

STEEVENS.

490. *The duke cannot deny, &c.—*] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that

stranger

stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.

WARBURTON.

513. *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke, &c.*] The folio 1623, reads *egal*, which I believe in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

"I will presume hym so to dignifie

"Yet be not *egall*."

Prol. to the *Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

"Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith."

STEEVENS.

515. *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.*] The poet means to say, that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part II*:

"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

"*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness,"

&c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletick constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true As-*
section

section of the *Original Life, &c. of King Arthur*, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones—he calls them *Arthur's lineaments three times translated*; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen, &c.*

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Nature had so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad*:

"——so over labour'd were

"His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector,"
&c." STEEVENS.

564. *With what we lack.*——] The first folio reads,
With that we lack. MALONE.

565. *When we are both apparell'd, &c.*] The folio has "*accoutered.*" MALONE.

589. ——*therefore, I promise you, I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read—I fear *for* you. MALONE.

602. ——*thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.*] Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled *L'Alexandreis*:

"*Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.*"

MALONE.

Shakspeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places. Among others in *A Dia-*

logue

logue between Custom and Veertie, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. let. no date :

" While Silla they do seem to shun,

" In Charibd they do fall," &c. STEEVENS.

605. *I shall be saved by my husband;*] From St. Paul, 1 Cor. vii. 14.

" The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband." HENLEY.

626. *It is much, that the Moor should be more, &c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of :

" Galli ex concubitu gravidam te Pontia Mori,

" Quis bene moratam morigeram que negat?"

So, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615 :

" And for you Moors thus much I mean to say,

" I'll see if more I eat the more I may."

STEEVENS.

635. *Goodly lord,—*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord* ! as it is in Theobald's edition.

TYRWHITT.

649. *—how his words are suited !*] I believe the meaning is: What a *series* or *suite* of words he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 11. — *HIS* envy's reach,—] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So, in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621: "—he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*." p. 109. edit. 1679. STEEVENS.

22. — *apparent*—] That is, *seeming*; not real.

JOHNSON.

23. — *where*—] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

30. *Enough to press a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shews the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the Terra Firma; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republick, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudos, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripos, and others, all Venetian
merchants,

merchants, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations), and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*.

JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "The *Merchant Royal*, a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfth day last, being Jan. 6, 1607."

STEEVENS.

43. — I'll not answer that :

But, say, it is my humour ; —] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses ; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question ; but, since you want an answer, will this serve you ?

JOHNSON.

48. — a gaping pig ;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

Dij

" He

"He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*;

"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in the *Mastive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,

"A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*."

STEEVENS,

Some men there are, love not a *gaping pig*;

Some that are mad, &c.

By a *gaping pig*, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which, perhaps, furnished our author with his instance), may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon," &c.

Pierce Pennyless his Supplications to the Devil, 1595.

MALONE.

51. *Cannot contain their urine,*] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loaths.

Masterless passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

Cannot

Cannot contain their urine ; for affection,

Master of passion, sways it, &c.

And then it is govern'd of *passion*: and the two old
quartos and folios read—*Masters of passion, &c.*

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean
the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our
author's age made a distinction: as Jonson in Se-
janus :

“———*He hath studied*

*“ Affection's passions, knows their springs and
ends.”*

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that
sympathy or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are pro-
vok'd to shew a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our
passions. THEOBALD.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood] The two old
quartos and folio read,

MASTERS OF *passion*.

And this is certainly right. He is speaking of the
power of sound over the human affections, and con-
cludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for
so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or
affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients
tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other musicians
worked by the power of musick. Can any thing be
more natural ? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two no-
minative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both
should be plural ? and consequently direct us to read
thus :

For *affections*, *masters* of passion, sway it, &c.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

“His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*.”

Affections, as used by Shylock, seem to signify *imagination*s, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, act i. is a passage somewhat similar. “And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you.”

STEEVENS.

As for *affection*, those that know how to operate upon the passions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it.

JOHNSON.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on this subject was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the times. There is therefore, I think, no other alteration necessary here, but that which has been made in almost every page of these plays; the reducing the substantive and the verb to concord, and reading *sway*.

Cannot contain their urine for *affection*,

(for

(for so the old copies all read, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in the modern editions, in order to connect it with the following line) I believe, means only—Cannot contain, &c. on account of their being *affected* by the noise of the bag-pipe. In the next line, which appears to me to be put in apposition with that preceding, *it* may refer either to *passion* or *affection*. The masters of passion, those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it [or rule the sympathetick feeling] by making it operate, &c. as Dr. Johnson has already explained the words.

MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS says, that the reading of all the old editions is,

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.

Masters of passion sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loaths.

And he explains the passage thus: *some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will.*

REED.

37. *Why he, a woollen bag-pipe;—*] This incident Shakspere seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted for a great deal of his physicks: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* sect. 6. he has these words: "*Nar-*

raba

rabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis, Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem AFFECTIONEM duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by *AFFECTION*:

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

Which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*.

WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, entitled *A Treatise of Spectres, or Strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us, in all probability, the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare. “Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*.” We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

Woollen bag-pipe;] As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in this reading, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the

the author wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of wood.

JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

Woollen is used as a term of contempt in *Coriolanus*, who says, act iii. sc. 2. his mother used to call the plebeians *woollen* vassals; and yet I think the same epithet hardly applicable to the bag-pipe. A passage on *Turbervile's Epitaphes*, p. 13. supports the emendation proposed:

"First came the rustick forth

"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

71. —you question, &c.] To question is to converse. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—in the loss of *question*—" i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

91. —many a *purchas'd* slave,] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us*.

JOHNSON.

106. ——— *Bellarion*, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for———] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskillfully brought together.

together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how should this be foreknown by Portia?

JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was foreknown by Portia. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court as an advocate, perhaps, instead of a judge.

TYRWHITT.

125. *Not on thy soal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase, *Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the soal of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd! the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

WARBURTON.

128. *Of thy sharp envy.*—] *Envy* again, in this place, signifies *hatred* or *malice*.

STEEVENS.

130. ———*inexorable dog!*] All the copies read, *inexecrable*. The emendation in the third folio.

STEEVENS.

144. *To cureless ruin.*—] Both the folios read, *To endless ruin*.

MALONE.

181. *Cannot impugn you,*—] To impugn is to oppose, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word.”

Again,

Again, "If any press t' *impugn* what I impart."

"If any press t' *impugn* what I impart."

STEEVENS.

182. *You stand within his danger,——*] So, in the *Corvysor's Play*, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries represented at Chester. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters some tyme there were

"Oughten money to an usurere,

"The one was *in his daungere*

"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent instances in the *Paston Letters* of the use of this phrase in the same sense; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in DEBT* and *to be in DANGER*, were synonymous terms.

HENLEY.

203. *——in the course of justice, none of us*

Should see salvation:——] Portia referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character.

BLACKSTONE.

210. *My deeds upon my head!——*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!"

HENLEY.

218. *Malice bears down truth.——*] *Malice* oppresses honesty; a *true man*, in old language, is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*.

JOHNSON.

227. *I take this offer then;——*] Perhaps we should read

read—his, i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

334. *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the conclusion of it: “—Compite con la del Salomon la promtitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onca de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insista en ello con igul terqueria a su Principe que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer pesa, y cuchillo; cominole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*” El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian, Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the notes on this play. STEEVENS.

393. *I am content, &c.*] Anthonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's half, he (Anthonio) will be contented to take the other, in trust, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Anthonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it.

REMARKS.
412. —*thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged.

THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson :

“——— I will leave you

“To your godfathers in law. Let twelve men work.”

STEEVENS.

415. ——— *grace of pardon* ;] Thus the old copies : the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority, ——— *your grace's pardon*. The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*. — *I humbly do beseech you of your pardon*.

In the notes to *As You Like It*, and *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology.

STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637.

MALONE.

476. — *upon more advice*,] i. e. *more reflection*.

STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Comus* :

“Advice with scrupulous head.” HENLEY.

ACT V.

Line 1. — *IN such a night as this*,] The several speeches in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, act v. sc. 1. beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled* : which, though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's.

E

“ In

"In such a night did Paris win his love.

"*Lelia*. In such a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.

"*Sophos*. In such a night, did Troilus court his dear.

"*Lelia*. In such a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."

Orig. of the Drama, Vol. III. p. 365.

WHALLEY.

4. *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

"Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,

"And on the Grekis host he would yse, &c.

"The daie goth fast, and after that came eve

"And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,

"He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,

"And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide."

&c.

Again, *ibid*:

"And up and doune by west and eke by est,

"Upon the wallis made he many a went."

STEEVENS.

11. *In such a night,*

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand] This passage contains a small instance, out of many that might be brought, to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classicks.

STEEVENS.

15. *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

"Thus it befell upon a night,

"Whann there was nought but sterre light,

"She

"She was vanished right as hir list,
 "That no wight but herself wist :
 "And that was at midnight tide,
 "The world was still on every side," &c.

Confessio Amantis, 1534.

STEEVENS.

35. ————*She doth stray about*
By holy crosses,—] So, in the *Merry Devil of*
Edmonton :

"But there are *Crosses*, wife ; here's one in Wal-
 tham,

"Another at the Abbey, and the third

"At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass

"Any of these without a Pater-noster."

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS.

55. ————*sweet soul*.] These two words should cer-
 tainly be taken from the end of *Launcelot's* speech, and
 placed at the beginning of the following speech of
Lorenzo :

Sweet soul, let's in, &c.

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the
 old edition, but he has changed *soul* into *love*, with-
 out any necessity.

TYRWHITT.

Sweet soul was not an alteration made by Mr. Pope,
 but an arbitrary and unauthorized reading introduced
 by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Rowe first re-
 gulated these speeches in the manner recommended
 by Mr. Tyrwhitt, which appears to me to be clearly
 right.

MALONE.

66. — *with pattens of bright gold;*] *Pattens* is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos 1600 reads *pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

We should read *patines*, from *patina*, LAT. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

70. *Such harmony is in immortal souls;*] Part of the difficulty of this passage was occasioned by a wrong punctuation. There should be a full point after *cherubims*, and no note of admiration after *souls*. “*Such harmony*,” &c. is not an exclamation arising from the foregoing line—“*So great is the harmony!*” but a simile or illustration:—“*of the same kind is the harmony.*”——The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the Cherubims. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal souls; (or in other words) each of us have as perfect a harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, insomuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards); but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing it.——It, I apprehend, refers to *harmony*, and not to *souls*.

Perhaps Shakspeare, when he wrote this passage, had Sir Philip Sydney's elegant *Defence of Poesie* in his thoughts:—“*But if you be born so neare the dull-*
making

making cataract of *Nilus*, that you cannot *heare* the planet-like *musick* of poetrie, if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the skie of poetrie," &c.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony cannot be heard—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language—he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.

My interpretation is strengthened by the following passage in the second part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, by Marston, who likewise supposes the harmony of *immortal souls* to be of the same kind with that of the spheres :

“ ————Heaven’s tones

“ Strike not such harmony to *immortal souls*,

“ As your accordance sweets my breast withall.”

MALONE.

The old reading in *immortal souls* is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V. “Touching musical harmony whiether by instrument or by voice, it being but high and low in sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony. For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Comus* :

E iij

“ Can

“Can any mortal mixture of earth’s mould
 “Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 “Sure *something holy lodges in that breast,*
 “And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 “To testify *HIS hidden residence.*” HENLEY.

72. —close it in—] Is the reading of the quarto.
 STEEVENS.

73. —wake Diana with a hymn;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping.
 JOHNSON.

75. And draw her home with musick.] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As You Like It*. MALONE.

90. The man that hath no musick in himself,
 Nor is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,]
 The thought here is extremely fine: as if the being affected with musick was the only harmony between the internal [*musick in himself*] and the external musick [*concord of sweet sounds*], which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut Britannii præter alia Formam, musicam, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.* WARBURTON.

This

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in musick, with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in articulate sounds.

Our ancient statutes have often received their best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated musick among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love musick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him

him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former ^{is} connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company*." Again, — "Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of musick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." STEEVENS.

106. — *without respect* ;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances.

JOHNSON.

132. *A tucket—*] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

STEEVENS.

140. *Let me give light, &c.*] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations.

JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramattick writers are guilty of the same quibble. So, Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—

"So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"—*more lights*—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole house."

Again, in *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd

"Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd;

"For *lighting* where she *light* acceptance feels,

"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

152. —[*this breathing courtesy*.] *Breathing* for verbal.—So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech:

"You *breathe* in vain."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

"The youth you *breathe* of, guilty." MALONE.

160. —[*like cutler's poetry*.] Knives as Sir John Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis* with short sentences in distich. Mr. Reed has cited from Decker's *Satira-mastix* the following pertinent passage: "You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master; that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you *poesies* for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not."

167. —[*have been respective*.] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See K. John, act i.

STEEVENS.

172. ———— a youth,

*A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;*

A prating boy, &c.] It is certain, from the words of the context and the tenor of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age : he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote :

————— a little *stubb'd* boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialism, to call young birds not yet fledged *stubb'd young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of *The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubb'd boy*, if not a man at the dissolution of abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows :

For that same *stubb'd* boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this did lie with me last night.

WARTON.

I believe

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted* or *shrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* "—but such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only." STEEVENS.

215. —*retain*—] The old copies concur in reading *contain*. JOHNSON.

217. *What man*—*wanted the modesty*

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty, or wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account in some sort religious.* JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar :

"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*."

STEEVENS.

260. —*swear by your double self*,] *Double* is here used for—*full of duplicity*. MALONE.

265. —*for his wealth*;] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.

THE ancient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been mentioned in *Observations on the Faery Queen*, l. 129. Shakspeare's track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular stories of the times, from which he manifestly derived most of his plots. Historical songs, then very fashionable, often suggested and recommended a subject. Many of his incidental allusions also relate to pieces of this kind, which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwise have been deservedly forgotten. A ballad is still remaining on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, which by the date appears to be much older than Shakspeare's time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the story in *Bandello*, are found in this ballad. But it may be said, that he has copied this story as it stands in Paynter's *Pallace of Pleasure*, 1567, where there is the same variation of circumstances. This, however, shews us that Shakspeare did not first alter the original story for the worse, and is at least a presumptive proof that he never saw the Italian.

Shakspeare alludes to the tale of *King Cophetua and the Beggar*, more than once. This was a ballad; the oldest copy of which, that I have seen, is in *A Crown Garland of Golden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden*, 1612. The collector of this miscellany

was Richard Johnson, who compiled, from various romances, *The Seven Champions*. This story of Cophetua was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv. sc. 1. As likewise from John Marston's Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed 1598, viz.

"Go buy some ballad of the fairy king,

"And of the BEGGAR WENCH *some rogie thing.*"

Sign. B. II.

The first stanza of the old ballad begins thus :

"I read that once in Africa

"A prince that there did reign,

"Who had to name Cophetua,

"*As poets they do feign, &c.*

The prince, or king, falls in love with a female beggar, whom he sees accidentally from the windows of his palace, and afterwards marries her. [Sign. D. 4.] The song, cited at length by the learned Dr. Grey, on this subject, is evidently spurious, and much more modern than Shakspeare's time. The name Cophetua is not once mentioned in it.

However, I suspect, there is some more genuine copy than that of 1612, which I before mentioned. But this point may be, perhaps, adjusted by an ingenious inquirer into our old English literature, who is now publishing a curious collection of ancient ballads, which will illustrate many passages in Shakspeare.

I doubt not but he received the hint of writing

F

King

King Lear from a ballad on that subject. But in most of his historical plays, he copies Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe, the reigning historians of that age. And although these Chronicles were then universally known and read, he did not scruple to transcribe their materials with the most circumstantial minuteness. For this he could not escape an oblique stroke of satire from his envious friend, Ben Jonson, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Ass*, act ii. sc. 4.

“*Fitz-dot.* Thomas of Woodstock, I’m sure, was duke: and he was made away at Calice, as duke Humfrey was at Bury. And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

“*Meer-er.* By my faith you’re cunning in the Chronicle.

“*Fitz-dot.* No, I confess, I ha’t from the play-books, and think they’re more authentick.”

In Antony Wood’s collection of ballads, in the Ashmolean Museum, I find one with the following title: “*The lamentable and tragical Historie of Titus Andronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars with the Goths; with the murder of his daughter Lavinia, by the empress’s two sons, through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the sword of Titus in the war: his revenge upon their cruel and inhumane acte.*”

“You noble mindes and famous martiall wights.”

The use which Shakspeare might make of this piece, is obvious.

WARTON.

The

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy, which I choose to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine, mi iudex, da rectum iudicium super his quæ vobis dixero. —Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per litteram nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam, & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vera videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.—

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his

F i j

daughter

daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures (which are nothing to the present purpose), she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “*Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen, si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis, cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit de auro purissimo & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit. SECUNDUM vas erat de argento puro, & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; et exterius erat subscriptio: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit. TERTIUM vas de plumbo, plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimus; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum & proficuum est filium meum, habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.*” The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chooses the *lead*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: “*Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis.*”

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That of the *caskets* Shakspeare might take from the *English Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that of the *bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*;

but,

but, upon the whole, I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novellist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one.

TYRWHITT.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator : handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations : some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the author's own invention : Part of which are of Matters happened in our age.*—Written in French by Alexander Siluayn, and Englished by L. P. [*i. e.* Lazarus Pilot] London, printed by Adam Islip, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

"Of a Jew, who would for his Debt have a Pound of the Flesh of a Christian.

"A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie : the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh : the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the

F i i j

Christian's

Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chief judge, saying :

“ Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth : wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne ; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money; surely, in that it is a thing not usuall it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all : as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie, but also all the senses and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been scene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in
the

the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounce of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Nevertheless, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter

to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for grieve? were it not better for him to lose that I demand then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliever it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine owa life? I believe it should not; because there were as little reason therein as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth notspecifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make weight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above-mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require
that

that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

The Christian's Answer.

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable, the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect: yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof; as for me, I think that by secret meanes he has caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly; but although he were not the cause
of

of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so imprudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigrés, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divil in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propoundeth this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debts. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessity is somewhat excusable: as for me I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted myselfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastliness. Wherein then have I satisfied my promise, is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgment of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement; where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore?

fore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges, and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had not it been for one amongst them, they had slaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them; they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie."

FARMER.

The "*History of Gesta Romanorum*," is advertised at the end of the comedy of *Mucidorus*, 1668, to be sold, among other books, on Saffron-Hill, in Wine-Street,

Street, near Hatton-Garden. Again, in *Giles Goose, cap*, 1606 :

“ Then for your ladyship’s quips and quick jests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them.” Again, in Chapman’s *May-Day*, 1611 :

“ —one that has read Marcus Aurelius, *Gesta Romanorum*, the Mirror of Magistrates,” &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1754, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty : this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true ; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, “ I’ll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie.”

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, “ If you like it, I’ll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true.” The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, “ That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew’s body

body he pleased. Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into distraction ; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh : but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, " When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful ; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspin-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, " It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance

of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded ? answered, " Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, " What he had to say, and whether he was content ?" The Jew answered, " That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." " But we are not content," replied Sixtus, " nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers ? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide ; and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made

to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence, into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.

STEEVENS.

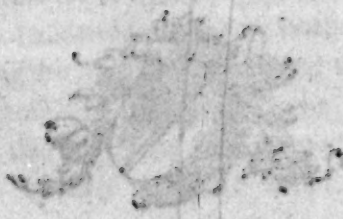
THE END.



to our friend Montano, to intercede with the Duke as
least to spare their lives. Shylock, who did not really
design to put them to death, but to drive others from
each practice, at last consented to change the an-
tients, into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off
him too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns,
to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had
lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Shylock, Vol. II. p. 200, &c.
STEVENS.

THE END.



Bell's Edition.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

THE

AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY

WILL. SHAKESPEARE:

Edited by

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEPHENS,

And revised from the last Edition.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1783.

By J. JOHNSON, 1783.

Printed for J. JOHNSON, 1783.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

As You Like It was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Gray, and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not printed 'till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd, or, Euphues' Golden Legacy*. 4to. 1590. FARMER,

Shakspeare has followed *Lodge's* novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

<p>" <i>As You Like It</i>, a book.</p> <p>" <i>Henry the Fifth</i>, a book.</p> <p>" <i>Comedy of Much Ado</i>, a book.</p>	}	to be staied."
--	---	----------------

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both *Rosalind* and

and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Duke.

FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.*
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*

OLIVER, *eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys.*

JAQUES, } *younger Brothers to Oliver.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, *an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SYLVIVS, }

WILLIAM, *in Love with Audrey.*

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CHARLES, *Wrenler to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

DENNIS, *Servant to Oliver.*

WOMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*

PHOEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

A Person representing Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court; and partly in the forest of Arden.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER's Orchard. Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM.

Orlando.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain

B

nothing

nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

25

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

31

Oli. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

3

Orla.

Orla. O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me, I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore al-

low me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. 80

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO, and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? 90

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir; but the old news: that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that

escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will. 184

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 185

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more, And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

Ol. Farewel, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.* 170

SCENE II.

An open Walk before the Duke's Palace. Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished

ished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours. 185

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then? 199

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature. 211

Enter TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool? 229

Clo. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros,

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art. 240

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of these days. 251

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 260

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau.

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree. 270

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it. 281

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*—— 289

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second,

second, and so the third : Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Clo. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ? 300

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 311

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on : since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke.

Duke. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 321

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you. 331

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt. 344

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny

deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. 360

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orla. Ready, sir : but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall. 369

Cha. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg ! [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man !

Cel.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout.

Duke. No more, no more. [CHARLES is thrown.

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed. 383

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else. 390

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy;

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke, with his Train.

Manent CELIA, ROSALIND, and ORLANDO.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick. 400

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

Cij

I should

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love, 410
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a Chain from her Neck,
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block, 420

Ros. He calls us back ; My pride fell with my
fortunes ;

I'll ask him what he would ;—Did you call, sir ?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[Exit ROSALIND, and CELIA.]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference,

Enter

Enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee. 430

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me
this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke?
That here was at the wrestling? 440

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues, 450

And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

[Exit.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter CELIA, and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ? 461

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father : Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world ! 471

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 480

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando. 492

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle? 500

Duke. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
 Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
 If with myself I hold intelligence,
 Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
 If that I do not dream, or be not frantick
 (As I do trust, I am not), then, dear uncle,
 Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
 Did I offend your highness. 510

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself:—
 Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
 Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
 enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his duke-
 dom; 520

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
 Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay, 530
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
 I was too young that time to value her,

But

But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
ness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her. 540

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
tuous,

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have past upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege ;

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool ;—You, niece, provide your-
self ;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. 550

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

Ros.

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one : 560
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :

And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden. 570

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man? 580
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros.

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me, Ganimed,

But what will you be call'd?

590

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

600

After my flight: Now go we in content;

To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Forest of Arden. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and
two or three Lords like Foresters.*

Duke Sen. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,

And

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
 grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a stile. 20

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself, 30
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did

Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose 40
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more 50
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; *Ay, quoth Jaques,*
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through 60
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Palace. Enter Duke FREDERICK with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me, 90
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

OLIVER'S House. *Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM.*

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome 100

The bony priser of the humours duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

Dij

Orla.

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth, 110
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices. 120
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice 130
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take

Take that : and he that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you : Let me be your servant ; 140
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh good old man ! how well in thee ap-
 pears 150

The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
 And having that, do choak their service up
 Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ; 160
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. 170

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden. Enter ROSALIND in Boy's Clothes for Ganimed ; CELIA drest like a Shepherdess for Aliena, and TOUCHSTONE the Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore, courage, good Aliena. 178

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you : yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you ; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Clo. Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone :—Look you, who

who comes here ; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk. 189

Enter CORIN, and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow ;

But if thy love were ever like to mine

(As sure I think did never man love so)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten. 200

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd :

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd :

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd :—Oh Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own. 213

Clo. And I mine : I remember, when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
for

for coming o' nights to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 223

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon man, 230
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla! you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all:

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment, 241
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And

And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition, 250
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying any thing. 260

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold ;
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be, 269
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter AMIENS, JAUQUES, and others.

S O N G.

*Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques. 281

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques. 290

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself,

Jaq.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while : the duke will drink under this tree :—he hath been all this day to look you. 302

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun, [all together here]
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets, 310
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes :

U

*If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass,* 326
*Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that, *duc ad me*?
Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a
 circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail
 against all the first-born of Egypt. 330
Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is
 prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI.

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die
 for food! Here lie I down, and measure but my grave.
 Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in
 thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a
 little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I
 will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee.
 Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For
 my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the
 arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and

n.

26

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J. H. Bell



AS YOU LIKE IT.

For my sake be comfortable.

Act 2.

Scene 1.

J. H. Bell del.

M. J. G. sculp.

if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.* 350]

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Forest. Enter Duke Senior and Lords.

[*A Table set out.*]

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life
is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?

What! you look merrily. 361

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool,—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
 Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune:
 And then he drew a dial from his poke;
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, *It is ten a-clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have : 400
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they
 so ?

The *why* is plain as way to parish-church :
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave 409
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good ?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
 sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world. 420

E ij

Jaq.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost
 (Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
 His folly to the metal of my speech?
 There then; How then? What then? Let me see
 wherein

430

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

440

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
 distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla.

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered. 450

Jaq. An you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our
table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
you;

I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance 460
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be: 470
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is 'it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn, 485
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [Exit.]

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy:

This wide and universal theatre 490
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And

And shining morning face, creeping like snail 500
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances, 510
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ; 519
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke Sen. Welcome : Set down your venerable
 burden,
 And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
 As

As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind 580
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh 590
As benefits forgot ;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho ! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—

Be truly welcome hither ; I am the duke, 550
 That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is :—
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter DUKE, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke.

N O T see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
 Seek him with candle : bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in
 this :
 I never lov'd my brother in my life,

Duke.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Forest. Enter ORLANDO.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love : 19

And, thou thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN, and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master
Touchstone ? 30

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it
very

very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ? 40

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is the lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd ? 51

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court ? Your reason.

Clo. Why if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation : Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 62

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone : those, that are good

good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy. 71

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet. 81

Clo. Most shallow man! Thou worms meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh:—indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. 90

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my

my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle : to be bawd to a bell-weather ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 103

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a Paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Inde,*

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest limn'd,

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,

But the fair of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Clo. For a taste :—

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

120

F

If

*If the cat will after kind,
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.
 Winter-garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

139

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you'll be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

140

Enter CELIA, with a Writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be?*

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That

*That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.* 150

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

This quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd 160

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd. 170

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Fij

Clo.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt CORIN, and Clown.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? 181

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondring how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees? 192

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck; Change you colour? 201

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros.

Ros. Nay, I pry'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pry'thee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

F i i j

Ros.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pry'thee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringst me out of tune.

Ros.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO, and JAUQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him. 270

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly. 280

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla.

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

[Exit.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy. [CEL. and ROS. come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect

detect

detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock. 321

Orla. And why not the swift foot time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal.

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal? 333

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal. 340

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal? 340

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros.

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. 351

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal. 364

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them. 370

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy. 380

Ros.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue ! Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

404

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak ?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

410

Ros.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

435

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you :
and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest
you live : Will you go ?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come,
sister, will you go ? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and AUDREY, JAQUES watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up
your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey ? am I the
man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what fea-
tures ? 451

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most
capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited ! worse
than Jove in a thatch'd house !

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood,
nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child,
understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great
reckoning in a little room : Truly, I would the gods
had made thee poetical. 460

Aud. I do not know what poetical is : Is it honest
in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

Clo. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most
feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what
they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do
feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 471

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish. 480

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy! 490

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns;

horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want. 506

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text; you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? 310

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you for you last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir: Nay; pray, be covered. 520

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his de-

sires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewel, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Cottage in the Forest. Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep. 550

Cel. Do, I pry thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour. 561

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so? 570

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the conferrers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose, but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love

And

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Forest. Enter SILVIUS, and
PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe: 610

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 620
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
 Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee:
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains 630
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible 640
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,
 Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your
 mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have beauty
 (As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed), 650

Must

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work:—Od's, my little life!
 I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:—
 No, 'faith proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship:—
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 661
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,— 670
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
 Faul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. [*Aside.*] He's fallen in love with her foulness,
 and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as
 fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll
 sauce

sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me? 681

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he. 690

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. CEL. and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief 700

Were both exterrin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere
while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet 740
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
 For what had he to do to chide at me :
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ; 750
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

— ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest. Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAGUES.

Jagues.

I PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better ac-
 quainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jag. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are
 abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every
 modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jag.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[*Exit*]

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a

H

gondola.

gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 39

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail? 49

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind. 60

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—

What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. 72

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 80

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die. 88

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love.

Hij Leander,

Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 103

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 104

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind. 110

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister? 121

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin.—Will you Orlando—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? *Orla.*

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us. 129

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day. 140

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep. 151

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a

Hij

woman's

woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?* 161

Ros. Nay you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 171

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour? 181

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the

most

most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 191

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 199

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. 212

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter JAQUES, Lords and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory;—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir,

220

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

Musick, SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn
To wear the horn, the lusty horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

The rest
shall bear
this bur-
den,

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it;*

230

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here's much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone
forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a Letter.

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, 240
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. *[Reading.]* Patience herself would startle at
this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix: 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: 250
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love.
 I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-coloured hand; I verily did think
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
 She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter: 260
 I say, she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is her's.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
 A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the
 letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet; 270
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant
 writes.

[*Reads.*] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*] *Why thy godhead laid apart,
 War'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?— 280

Whiles

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd! 299

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee!
not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for
I see love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this
to her;—"That if she love me, I charge her to love
" thee: if she will not, I will never have her, un-
" less thou entreat for her." If you be a true lover,
hence, and not a word; for here comes more com-
pany.

[Exit SILVIUS.

Enter

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know 310

Where in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within,

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,* 320
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd. 332

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

Within

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself! 339
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back! about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, 350
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do, 360
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli.

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But, kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother? 370

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place; — 380
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke.

Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 391
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

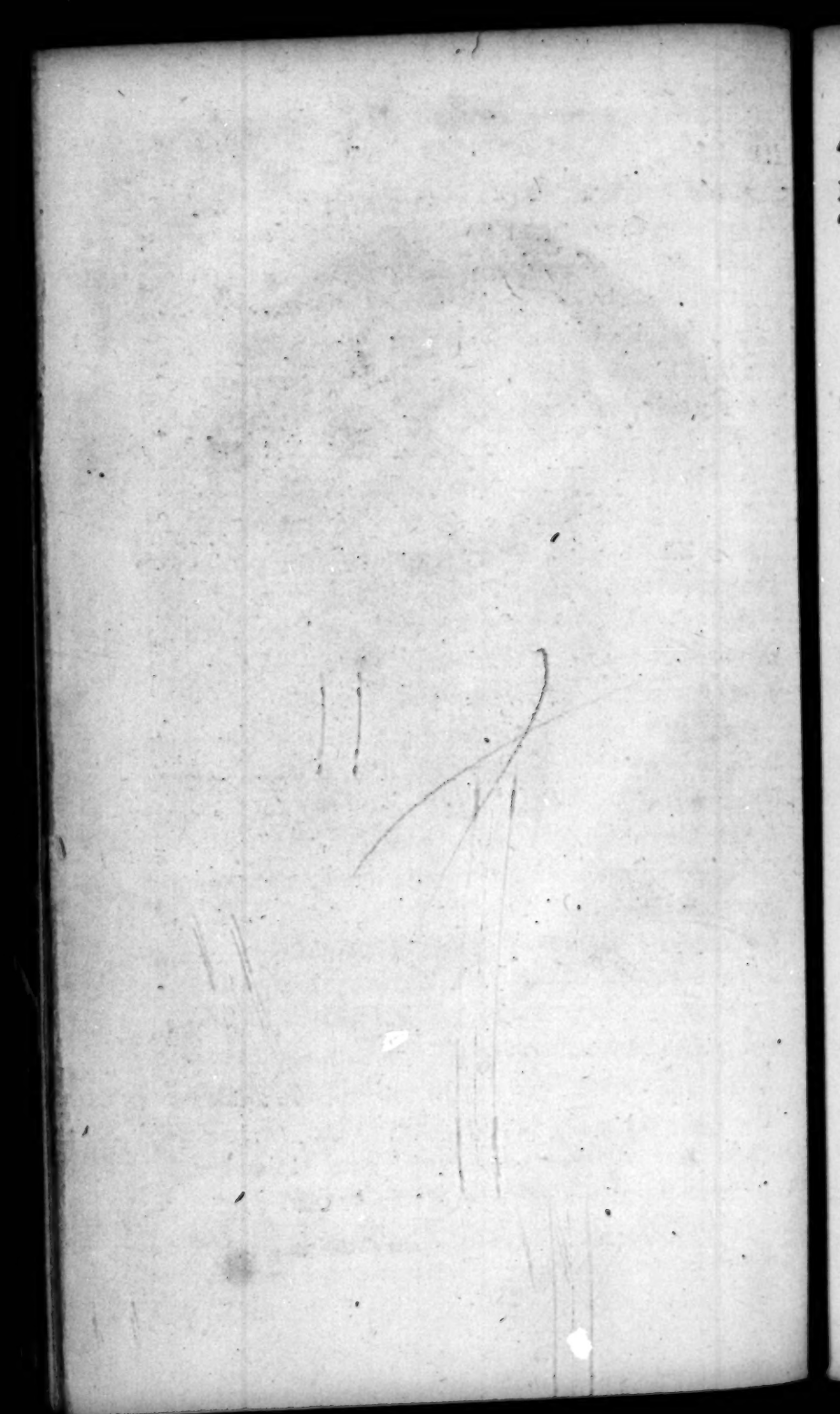
Act IV. AS YOU LIKE IT. Scene 3.



M^{rs} ABINGTON in ROSALIND.

Was it you he rescu'd?

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London, Nov^r 9th 1785.



Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? sweet Ganymed!

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

400

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man!—
you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

410

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

419

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Forest. Enter CLOWN, and AUDREY.

Clown.

WE shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. 12

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William? 20

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will.

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God!—a good answer : Art rich ?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so ! 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 29

Clo. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Clo. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir. 39

Clo. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Clo. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society,—which in the boorish is, company—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee,

make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will over-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away. 62

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ; I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter ORLANDO, and OLIVER.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? And will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all

the

the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 76

Enter ROSALIND.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 91

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,

or

or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 104

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking. 114

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straights of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you,

to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 138

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of her's. 140

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study, To seem despightful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed. 150

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
 All adoration, duty, and observance, 160
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
 All purity, all trial, all observance ;—
 And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
 [To Ros.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
 [To Phe.

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love*
you P'. 170

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howl-
 ing of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help
 you, if I can ; [To SILVIUS.]—I would love you, if
 I could ; [To PHEBE.]—To-morrow meet me all to-
 gether.—I will marry you, [To PHEBE] if ever I
 marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I
 will satisfy you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I satisfy'd
 man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—I will
 content you, [To SILVIUS] if what pleases you con-
 tents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—
 As you love Rosalind, meet ; [To ORLANDO.]—As
 you love Phebe, meet ; [To SILVIUS.]—And as I
 love

love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands. 185

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phc. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and AUDREY.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married. 190

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

S O N G.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the pretty rank time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, 210
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time, &c.*

*The carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that life was but a flower
 In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the spring time, &c. 220*

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear

hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God
mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Forest. Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS,
JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised? 230

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urg'd;—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her? [*To ORLANDO.*]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To PHEBE.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after. 240

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

K

Phe.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[To SILVIUS.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:— 250
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, and CELIA.*

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle, 260
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown, and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
call'd fools.

Clo.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 271

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow. 281

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster. 290

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed ;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey :— as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome* ; and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut ?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct* ; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous* ; the second, the *Quip modest* ; the third, the *Reply churlish* ; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant* ; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome* ; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance* ; the seventh, the *Lie direct*. All these you may avoid, but the *Lie direct* ; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices

tices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*. 331

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND in Woman's Clothes, and CELIA.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,* 340

*Yea, brought her hither ;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To the Duke.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

K i i j

Orla.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phc. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— 350

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*

You and you are heart in heart: 360

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:— [*To PHEBE.*

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

[*To the Clown and AUDREY.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown,
 O blessed bond of board and bed!* 370
*'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
 High wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 380

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted:

Both from his enterprize, and from the world: 390

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd : This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man :
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding :
 To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot : 400
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustick revelry :—
 Play, musick ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience :—If I heard you
 rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life, 410
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You to your former honour I bequeath ;
 [To the Duke]
 Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
 You to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—

[To ORLANDO.]

YOU

You to your land, and love, and great allies:—

[To OLIVER.]

You to a long and well-deserved bed:—

[To SILVIUS.]

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[To the Clown.]

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your plea-

tures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge

charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them), that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell. 449

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.



ANNOTATIONS
BY
SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,
AND
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,
UPON
AS YOU LIKE IT,
WRITTEN BY
WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

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ON THE

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

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WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS

Printed for, and sold by, the Author, at the
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MDCCLXXXVII.



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

Line 1. *AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns, &c.]* The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.—He bequeathed me by will, &c.* Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. *As I remember* (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.

BLACKSTONE.

8. *Stays me here at home, unkept;]* We should read *stays*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words

words——*for call you that keeping——that differs not from the stalling of an ox*, confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

“*And here you sty me in this hard rock.*”

WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

“*And sty themselves up in a little room.*”

STEEVENS.

36. *Be better employed, and be nought a while.] Be content to be a cypher, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence.*

This was certainly a proverbial saying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

“*Come away, and be nought a while,*

“*Or surely I will you both defyle.*”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* p. ii. Falstaff says to Pistol: “*Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.*”

STEEVENS.

Naught is the reading of the folio, but I believe *nought* was intended; for in the early part of the 17th century, *nought* was generally spelt *naught*.

MALONE.

51. *Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.]* This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the *eldest son* of a knight, by the title of esquire.

HENLEY.

57. *I am no villain:]* The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless*,

less, wicked, or bloody man; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a fellow of base extraction. JOHNSON.

105. *The old duke's daughter.*] The words *old* and *new*, which seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue, are inserted from Sir T. Hanmer's edition.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* is of opinion, that the words which follow *her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended.

STEEVENS.

164. — *of all sorts*] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men.

REMARKS.

200. — *mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ———— and rail so high,

“ *That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.*”

STEEVENS.

248. Clo. *One that old Frederick, your father, loves.*

Ros. *My father's love is enough to honour him:]*

This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia.

THEOBALD.

254. — *since the little wit that fools have, was silenced,*] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of

fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.

JOHNSON.

271. —*laid on with a trowel*,] This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a *glaring falsehood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

274. *You amaze me, ladies*.] To *amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative.

JOHNSON.

287. *With bills on their necks—Be it known unto all men by these presents—*] *With bills on their necks*, should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. This expression is taken from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena (the assumed names, as in the play) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke*." FARMER.

306. —*is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?*] Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken musick*.

JOHNSON.

324. —*odds in the men*.] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man*.

JOHNSON.

340. —*if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment*,] *If you were not blinded and intoxicated*, says the princess, *with the spirit of enterprize, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your*

own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.

JOHNSON.

348. *I beseech you, punish me not, &c.]* I should wish to read, *I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.*

JOHNSON.

414. ———*one out of suits with fortune;*] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort is *out of suit*.

JOHNSON.

420. *Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.]* The *quintaine* was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of

“ ———my better parts

“ Are all thrown down.”

GUTHRIE.

A humorous description of this amusement may be read in Laneham's Letter from “ Killingworth Castle,” with which, and other accounts of queen Elizabeth's Progresses, the publick will shortly be gratified by a gentleman, from whom it has already received a variety of favours.

HENLEY.

434. ———*the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best conditioned man*.

JOHNSON.

448. ———the shorter ;] The old copy reads—the taller.

STEEVENS.

470. ———for my father's child:] Thus the modern editors, the old editions have it, for my child's father, that is, as it is explained by Mr. Theobald, for my future husband.

JOHNSON.

490. ———by this kind of chase,] That is, by this way of following the argument. Dear is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology ; but properly, beloved is dear, and hateful is dere. Rosalind uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense.

JOHNSON.

494. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?] Celia answers Rosalind (who had desired her “not to hate Orlando, for her sake,”) as if she had said—“love him, for my sake:” to which the former replies, “Why should I not [i. e. love him]?”

MALONE.

542. And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous.] The meaning is, that when she was seen alone, she would be more noted.

JOHNSON.

559. ———Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:]

The poet certainly wrote—which teacheth me. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not lack that love which Celia complains she does.

WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would

be

be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?*

JOHNSON.

581. ——— *curtle-axe*, or *cutlace*, a broad sword.

JOHNSON.

584. I'll have a *swashing*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, for *we'll have*.

JOHNSON.

A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is used in *Romeo and Juliet*.

STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 5. [In former editions, *Here feel we not the penalty.*] What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious, in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but*, by mistake, have changed place in our author's former editions.

THEOBALD.

13. *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]

It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This

stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental, or perhaps morbid inductions of the skull.

JOHNSON.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency, however, is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. let. 1569, who says, that there is founde in the *heades* of olde and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone.

STEEVENS.

18. *I would not change it:]* Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

Native burghers of this desert city,] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgesses* of the forest." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,

"And every where walk'd free, a *burgess* of the
"wood."

STEEVENS.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring stood

"The *citizens* o' the wood."

MALONE.

24. —*with forked heads]* i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*.

STEEVENS.

39. ———the big round tears, &c.] It is said, in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine."

STEEVENS.

51. To that which had too much:] Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"———in a river——"

"Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

"Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. III. act v. sc. 4*:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

"And give more strength to that which hath too much."

STEEVENS.

70. ———to cope him] To encounter him; to engage with him.

JOHNSON.

79. ———the roynish clown,] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 988:

"That knottie was and all roinous."

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says—"Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt, &c."

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakspeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces.

STEEVENS.

92. ———quail] To quail is to faint, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ———which my false spirits

“ Quail to remember.”

STEEVENS.

96. ———O! you memory] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*. See *Memory* in catch-word Alp.

101. In the former editions, *The bonny priser*——] We should read—bony priser. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour.

WARBURTON.

So Milton: “ *Giants of mighty bone.*” JOHNSON,

So, in the romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. let. no date:

“ This is a man all for the nones,

“ For he is a man of *great bones.*”

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. act v:

“ Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well.”

Mr. Malone observes, that the word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It*, is taken.

STEEVENS.

121. *This is no place,*] *Place* here signifies a seat, a mansion, a residence. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*, “ Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal.” We still use the word in compound with another, as *St. James's place*, *Rathbone place*; and *Crosby place*, in *K. Richard III.* &c.

STEEVENS.

131. *diverted blood,*] Blood turned out of the course of nature.

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Sometimes

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

"To the orb'd earth——." MALONE.

156. *Even with the having:] Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.*

JOHNSON.

171. *O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits?] And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the briskness of spirits: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text:—how weary are my spirits? And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain.*

THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time.—One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, or the *Jovial Philosopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, the *Jovial Crew*, or the *Merry Beggars*.

MALONE.

180. —*I had rather bear with you than bear you.] This jingle is repeated in K. Richard III.*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me."

STEEVENS.

181. ———*yet I should bear no cross,] A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.*

STEEVENS.

See *Cross*, catch-word Alphabet.

202. *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,] I am inclined*

inclined to believe that from this passage *Suckling* took the hint of his song :

- “ *Honest lover, whosoever,*
 “ *If in all thy love there ever*
 “ *Were one wav’ring thought, thy flame*
 “ *Were not, even, still the same.*
 “ *Know this,*
 “ *Thou lov’st amiss,*
 “ *And to love true*
 “ *Thou must begin again, and love anew, &c.*

JOHNSON.

216. — *batlet*, —] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.

JOHNSON.

219. — *two cods* —] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers.

JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer’s Fadera*, we find, “ Item, two *peascoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles.”

FARMER.

Peascods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in *Greene’s Groundwork of Conycatching*, 1592: “ went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peascods*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

220. — *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge’s *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V.* in *Peele’s Jests*, &c.

STEEVENS.

222. — *so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.*]

This

This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes the advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love abounding in folly*.
JOHNSON.

257. *And in my voice most welcome shall you be.*] In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome.
JOHNSON.

285. —*rugged*;] In old editions *ragged*.

JOHNSON.

308. —*to live*—] Modern editions, *to lie*.

JOHNSON.

To live i' th' sun, is to labour and “sweat in the eye of Phoebus,” or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat?

TOLLET.

323. *Duc ad me*—] For *ducadame* sir T. Hanmer, very acutely, and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me*.
JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with “a Greek invocation.” It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, “One for sense and one for rhyme.”—Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:

"Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,

"Here shall he see

"Gross fools as he,

"An' if he will come to *Ami*."

That is, to Amiens. Jacques did not mean to ridicule himself. FARMER.

Duc ad me seems to be a plain allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song:

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me*. STEEVENS.

330. ————*the first-born of Egypt*.] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

355. —*compact of jars*,] i. e. made up of discords. Shakspeare elsewhere says, *compact of credit*, for *made up of credulity*. STEEVENS.

See *Compact*, catch-word Alphabet.

363. *A motley fool!—a miserable world!*] *A miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the frailty of life. JOHNSON.

369. *Call me not fool, till heaven has sent me fortune*,] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to.

In *Every Man out of his Humour*, act i. sc. 3:

"Sog. Why, who am I, sir? Mac. One of those that fortune favours. Car. The periphrasis of a foole."

REED.

384. —*motley's the only wear.*] It would not have been necessary to repeat that a *motley* or *party-coloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram*:

"———where, out of *motley's* he

"Could save that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate of the window, with Mr. Tollet's explanation.

STEEVENS.

395. *Only suit*;] The poet meant a quibble. So act v. "Not out of your apparel, but out of your suit."

STEEVENS.

404. *He, that a fool doth wisely hit,*

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

———Seem senseless of the bob: if not, &c.]

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole foot in measure, the tenor of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, shew it no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuscript, or by inadvertence left out.

THEOBALD.

406. *if not, &c.]* Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomis'd*, that is, *dissected* and

laid open by the squandering glances or random shots of a fool. JOHNSON.

417. *As sensual as the brutish sting*] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Othello*,

“—our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.”

STEEVENS.

See *Sting*, catch-word Alphabet.

424. *Till that the very, very*—] The old copy has
—*weary, very*. MALONE.

446. ————*the thorny point.*

*Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility:]*

We might read *torn* with more elegance; but elegance alone will not justify alteration. JOHNSON.

449. *And know some nurture:]* Nurture is education. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

“He shew'd himself as full of *nurture* as of nature.”

STEEVENS.

462. —*desert inaccessible,*] This expression I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1584:
—“and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitari-
nesse of this *unaccessible desert*.” HENDERSON.

477. *And take upon command what help we have,*
Upon command, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

492. *Wherein we play in,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:

Wherein we play.

STEEVENS.

497. *His aëls being seven labours.*] See *Labours*, or *Aëls*, in catch-word Alphabet.

In the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into *seven ages*; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The **FIRST AGE** is called *Infancy*, containing the space of foure yeares.—The **SECOND AGE** continueth ten yeares, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The **THIRD AGE** consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene till two and twenty years be fully compleate.—The **FOURTH AGE** paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares; and is termed *Young Manhood*.—The **FIFTH AGE**, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said author) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the **SIXTH AGE**, and is called *Old Age*.—The **SEVENTH** and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as fourscore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age (which is more admired than noted in many) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of *Infancy* againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of

Cij years

years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print entitled *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from either Hippocrates or Proclus.—The sense in which the word *labours* is used, occurs in a passage of the Psalms.

HENLEY.

503. ———— a soldier;

Full of strange oaths and *bearded* like the pard,] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson,

“——Your soldier's face——the grace of this face consisteth much in a *beard*.” STEEVENS.

510. Full of wise saws and modern instances,] It is remarkable that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *ναις*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples to confirm them.

JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite*, *common*. STEEVENS.

See *Modern*, in catch-word Alphabet, which points out the different places in which it occurs.

511. ———— The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;]

There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight
in

in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts (which is no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalón*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalón* is the only character that acts in slippers. **WARBURTON.**

521. — [Set down your venerable burden,] Is it not likely that Shakspeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

“ ——— *Patremque*

“ *Fert humeris, venerabile onus Cythereius heros.*”

JOHNSON.

530. *Thou art not so unkind, &c.*] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

“ O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

“ She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind!*”

MALONE.

532. *Thy tooth is not so keen,*

Because thou art not seen,]

Thou winter wind, says the Duke, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult. **JOHNSON.**

Amiens (not the Duke) is here contrasting the effects of *natural* evil with *moral*; the sufferings to which we are exposed from the elements of nature,

with those which we feel from our intercourse with men. The former he determines to be the more tolerable, as proceeding from an agent that is invisible, and though rude in his approach, yet personally unknown; whilst the latter results from the slight of our intimates, whom we lately and fondly cherished. Thus Lear, act iii. line 192.

Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt —————

—————When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there—Ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? HENLEY.

Because thou art not seen,] So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour Lost*:

“Through the velvet leaves the wind
“All unseen 'gan passage find. STEEVENS.

542. *Though thou the waters warp,]* The surface of waters, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

The meaning is this: though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced against the law of their nature,

to bend from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he had befriended.

HENLEY.

See *Warp*, before, in catch-word Alphabet, which comparisons serve to explain.

544. As friend *remember'd* not.] *Remember'd* for remembering. So, afterwards, act iii. l. last: "And now I am *remember'd*——" i. e. and now that I bethink me, &c.

MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 16. *AND* let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:]

"To make an extent of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid.

MALONE.

18. *Expediently,*] That is, *expeditiously*.

JOHNSON.

20. *Thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorable lines:

"Terret,

“Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,

“Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.”

JOHNSON.

28. *Unexpressive*] for *inexpressible*. JOHNSON.

Milton in like manner uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

“Harping with loud and solemn quire,

“With *unexpressive* notes to heaven’s new-born heir.”

Hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

47. *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*]

Common sense requires us to read:

May complain of gross breeding.

The Oxford editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading—*bad breeding*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare’s time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding*, the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of *The Merchant of Venice*, we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for having been so inefficient—of so little use to him. MALONE.

The context makes it probable, that the poet had the proverb in his mind, of being “better *fed* than taught.” . . .

50. *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown’s reply, in a satire on physicks or natural

natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustick. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physicks of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

55. *like an ill-roasted egg,*] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one side*; but will not sufficiently shew how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated.

STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words—“all on one side.” Shakspeare's similes (as has been already observed) seldom run in four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed, as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done on one side only. MALONE.

58. *Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never, &c.*] This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in *Rabelais*.

Rabelais. Si tu es Coquu, ergo ta femme sera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé. The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the Popish doctrine of the intercession of saints, and, I suppose, our jocular English proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in Friar John's logick. WARBURTON.

89. *Make incision in thee!*] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ ———— *O excellent king,*

“ *Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,*

“ *Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;*

“ *And so proceeds to incision.*” ————

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reason to alter my supposition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrase to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the same expression in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ *We'll bear the burthen, proceed to incision, fidler.*”

STEEVENS.

90. ———— *thou art raw.*] i. e. thou art ignorant, unexperienced.

unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet*: “—and yet but *raw* neither, in respect of his quick sail.” MALONE.

See *Raw*, catch-word Alphabet.

98. *Bawd to a bell-wether*;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

113. *But the fair of Rosalind*.] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i. scene 1. and the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. scene 1. The modern editors read—the *face* of Rosalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading:

“Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone

“The absence of fair Rosalynde,

“Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c.”

and other places. STEEVENS.

116. *rate to market*.] So Sir T. Hanmer. In the former editions, *rank* to market. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plausibly, proposes to read—*rant*. Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line in an ancient medley. The sense designed, however, might have been—“it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is *riding* to market.” STEEVENS.

There can be no reason sufficient for changing *rate* to *rant*. The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be “the very false gallop of verses.” HENLEY.

A passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*—“tongue, I must put you into a *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you *prattle* me into these perils,”—once induced me to think that
the

the *volubility* of the butter-woman selling her wares, was here alone in our author's contemplation, and that he wrote—rate *at market*. But I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hammer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of these verses (says Touchstone) is like the *ambling, shuffling*, pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in the first part of *King Henry IV.*

“And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

“Nothing so much, as *mincing* poetry;

“’Tis like the forc’d gait of a *shuffling* nag.”

MALONE.

143. *Why should this desert be?*] This is commonly printed:

Why should this a desert be? but although the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense is still defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read,

Why should this desert silent be? TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deserves, I have paid to it, by inserting it in the text. STEEVENS.

146. *That shall civil sayings show.*] *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.

JOHNSON.

See catch-word Alphabet.

159. *Therefore heaven nature charg’d*] From the picture

picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώρα, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσιν

Δῶρον ἰδωήσαν.

So, before :

"~~But~~ *But* thou,

"*So perfect, and so peerless, art created*

"*Of ev'ry creature's best.*" Tempest.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

165. *Atalanta's better part* ;] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad, that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which is her better part. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

166. Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus *Ovid* :

"~~—~~ *nec dicere posses,*

"*Laude pedum, formæne bono præstantior esset.*

"*Ut faciem, et posito corpus velamine videt,*

"*Obstupuit* ~~—~~

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced *Rosalind*, together with *Helen's* beauty without her heart or lewdness, with *Cleopatra's* dignity of behaviour, and with *Lucretia's* modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? *Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxxv. c. 3.* mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraque excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*. That is, "both of them for beauty incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one [*Atalanta*] of them to be a maiden, for her modest and chaste countenance," as *Dr. P. Holland* translated the passage, of which, probably, our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgment in painting.

TOLLET.

I suppose *Atalanta's better part* is her wit, i. e. the swiftness of her mind.

FARMER.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from *John Grange's Golden Aphroditis, 1577*. "—who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of *Troy*, *Polixene*, *Calliope*, yea *Atlanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpasse, *Pandora* in qualities, *Penelope* and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface."

Again, *ibid*:

"*Polixene*, fayre, *Caliop*, and

"*Penelop* may give place;

"*Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre

"She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid*: "*Atlanta* who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle."

It

It may be observed that Statius also, in his sixth Thebaid, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of Oenomaus, and wife of Pelops.

STEEVENS.

See *Atalanta*, catch-word Alphabet.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,

"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb,

"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,

"And Martha's care, and Mary's better part."

WHALLEY.

Sad] is grave, sober, not light.

JOHNSON.

170. *The touches*] The features; *les traits*.

JOHNSON.

195. *I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,*] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*:

"———My poets

"Shall with a satire, steeped in gall and vinegar,

"Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland."

JOHNSON.

Dij

So,

So, in an address to the reader, at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

"Rhime them to death as they do *Irish rats*."

"In drumming tunes" STEEVENS.

Again in his *Staple of News*, 1625: "Or the fine madrigal in rhyme, to have run him out of the country like an *Irish rat*." MALONE.

203. ——— *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

"Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

204. ——— *but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter*.] "Montes duo inter se concurrent, &c." says Pliny, *Hist. Nat. lib. ii. c. 83*. or in Holland's translation: "Two hills [removed by an earthquake] encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise." TOLLET.

212. *Out of all whooping!*] So, in the Old Ballad of *Yorke*, *Yorke for my money*, &c. 1584:

"And then was shooting out of cry"

"The skantling at a handful nie."

Again, in the old bl. 1. comedy called *Commons Conditions*:

"I have be-raced myself out of cry." STEEVENS.

213. *Good my complexion!*] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

Dr.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be just, but as he gives no example of such a meaning affixed to the words in question, we are still at liberty to suspend our faith, till some luckier critick shall decide. All I can add is, that I learn from the glossary to Phil. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that *paint* for the face was in Shakspeare's time called *complexions*. Shakspeare likewise uses *complexion* for *disposition*.— So, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ It is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam.”

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I believe, is—*My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this!*

For thus characterising the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

215. *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.*] This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. *from* discovery. “ If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is.” WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus :

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, I pray thee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover*, I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. *Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay, however short, is to me tedious and irk-*

some as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for off is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the South-sea. FARMER.

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of *Rosalind*, restored. A *South-sea of discovery*, is not a discovery, *as far off*, but *as COMPREHENSIVE* as the South-sea; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. HENLEY.

243. —[*Garagantua's mouth*] *Rosalind* requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. *Celia* tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of *Garagantua* the giant of *Rabelais*.

JOHNSON.

Garagantua swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad. It appears from the books of the Stationers-Company, that in 1592 was published, "*Garagantua his Prophecie*." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, *The History of Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewise mentioned in *Laneham's Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, in 1575. STEEVENS.

250. *It is as easy to count atomies*] *Atomies* are those minute

minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

262. Cry holla to thy tongue.] Holla was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

"His flattering holla, or his stand I say?

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here :

"Holla! stand there."

MALONE.

264. ———my heart.] A quibble between heart and hart. STEEVENS.

291. ———but I answer you right painted cloth,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

"Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,

"Shall, by a painted cloth, be kept in awe."

THEOBALD.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in a *Match at Midnight*, 1693 :

"There's a witty posy for you.

"—No, no; I'll have one shall favour of a saw.—

"Why then 'twill smell of the painted cloth."

Again, in the *Muse's Looking-Glass*, by Randolph, 1638 :

"Then for the painting, I bethink myself

"That I have seen in *Mother Redcap's* hall

"In painted cloth the story of the prodigal."

From

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in publick-houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings, perhaps, moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557: "Mayster Thomas More in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John*:

"He *speaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and smoke."

STEEVENS.

This singular phrase may likewise be justified by another of the same kind in *K. Henry V*:

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"He *speaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I answer you right *in the style of painted cloth*." We had before in this play: "*It is the right butter-woman's rate at market*."

MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I answer you right*, in the style of the *painted cloth*. Something seems wanting, and I know not what can be proposed better. *I answer*

you

you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*: that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

356. —remov'd] i. e. lonely.

359. —in-land-man;] Is used in this play for one civilized, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I in-land bred, and know some nurture.* JOHNSON.

See catch-word Alphabet.

385. —a blue eye,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

386. —an unquestionable spirit.] That is, unwilling to be conversed with. CHAMBER.

See Unquestionable, catch-word Alphabet.

390. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I, that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah me's* every minute? Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to fisting bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes." Again, in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1608:

"——I was

- “ ———— I was once like thee
 “ A sigher, melancholy humorist,
 “ Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,
 “ A *hat-band hater*, and a busk-point wearer.”

MALONE.

391. ———— *point device*] i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. See catch-word Alphabet. STEEVENS.

Point devise is a term in heraldry.

429. ———— *to a living humour of madness*;) The sense requires us to read *loving* for *living*. * * *

448. *Doth my simple feature content you?*] says the Clown to Audrey. “Your *features*, replies the wench. Lord warrant us, what *features*?” I doubt not, this should be your *feature*! Lord warrant us, *what’s feature*?

FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features* of his face content her, she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats*, *deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have you done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir William Witwood says, than a little mouth-glew; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. STEEVENS.

458. ———— *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room*;) Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. WARBURTON.

461. ———— *and what they swear in poetry, &c.*] This sentence

sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent, perhaps it were better read thus, *What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

476. *A material fool!*] A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

See *Material* before, in catch-word Alphabet.

481. *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*.

HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as *a full slut*, says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul*, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*.

TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of *Love's Labour Lost*, instead of "where ways be *foul*,"—we have in the first quarto of 1598—"where ways be *full*." In that and other old English books many words seem to have been spelt by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey says, she is not *fair* (i. e. *handsome*), and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The Clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut* (i. e. an ill-favoured dirty creature), is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (homeliness) i. e. for being as she is. Well, adds he, praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, sluttishness may come hereafter. REMARKS.

494. —*what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

507. *Sir Oliver*] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevisa*. JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“—*Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company to say evening prayer.”

Again: “We'll all go to church together, and so save *Sir John* a labour.” See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. scene 1. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North-Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the *Sir Hugh Evans* of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the universities. See Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

517. —*God'ild you*] i. e. God yield you, God reward

reward you. See Notes on *Macbeth*, act i. scene 6.
and catch-word Alphabet.

STEEVENS.

522. —his bow,] i. e. *his yoke*. STEEVENS.

542. *Not—O sweet Oliver, O brave, &c.*] The Clown dismisses Sir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. The latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is fully supported by the subsequent dialogue, between the Clown and Audrey, act v. scene 1.

Clo. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

And. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

MALONE.

O sweet Oliver. The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's *Underwood*:

"All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88. is the same allusion:

"Do not stink, sweet Oliver." TYRWHITT.

E

In

In the books of the Stationers-Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of,

"O sweete Olyver

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answer of O sweete Olyver."

Again, in 1586: "O sweet Oliver altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

545. *Wind away*] *Wind away* and *wind off* are still used provincially: and I believe nothing but the provincial pronounciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

"Not—O sweet Oliver!

"O brave Oliver!

"Leave me not *behi' thee*——

"But—wind away,

"Begone, I say,

"I will not to wedding *wi' thee*." FARMER.

Wind is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*Winde* we then, Anthony, with this royal queen."

STEEVENS.

557. *Something browner than Judas's:—*] See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. scene 4.

See *Judas*, catch-word Alphabet. STEEVENS.

559. *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.

JOHNSON.

565. —a nun of *winter's sisterhood*] This is finely expressed. Shakspeare here means an *unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona; so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*,

“ *But riches endless is as poor as winter*

“ *To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*”

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood is its coldness. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ *To be a barren sister all your life,*

“ *Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.*”

WARBURTON.

573. —as *concave as a cover'd goblet*.] Why a *cover'd*? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakspeare never throws out his expressions at random.

WARBURTON.

583. —*much question*] i. e. conversation. See *Question*, catch-word Alphabet.

STEEVENS.

590. —*quite traverse, athwart, &c.*] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address.

This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress."

STEEVENS.

A *puny tilter*, that breaks his staff like a noble goose. Sir T. Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration.

Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure

be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*. "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her

wing feathers, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your *hawke*."

FARMER.

615. ——— will you sterner be

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?]

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. *To dye* means as well to dip a thing in a colour foreign to

its own, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live*

by bloody drops. Shakspeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other.

In *K. John* is a play on words not unlike this:

"——— all with *purpled hands*

"*Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.*"

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn;

"He

"He that *dyled* so oft in sport,

"*Dyled* at last no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562 :

"Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman? alack,

"Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?

"*Dieth* he oft? yea, too oft when customers call;

"But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

"Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,

"*Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead."

STEEVENS.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth act of this play, "*live and die* a shepherd."

TOLLET.

632. *The cicatrice and capable impressure*] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure*, hollow mark. JOHNSON.

639. — *power of fancy*,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

JOHNSON.

See *Fancy*, in catch-word Alphabet.

648. *That you insult, exult, and all at once*,] The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath*. Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*.

STEEVENS.

649. *What though you have no beauty*] This was the reading of the old copy. It was recommended by a correspondent of Mr. Theobald to drop the *no*, and the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare copied, authorises the omission:—"Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy." Mr. Malone however

thinks, that *no* was a misprint for *mo*, and therefore would read—*What though you have mo beauty*—the word *mo* being often used by Shakspeare for *more*.

654. *Of nature's sale-work :*] those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

659. *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“*Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*”

STEEVENS.

679. *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer :*] The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. JOHNSON.

677. ——— *with her foulness,*] So, Sir T. Hanmer, the other editions, *your foulness*. JOHNSON.

689. ——— *though all the world could see,*
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.]

Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

JOHNSON.

692. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
[*night* :—

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, sig. B b. where it stands thus :

“Where both deliberate, the love is slight :

“*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?*”

This

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29. and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

Might not the poet have intended this, as an apostrophe to Marlow himself? HENLEY.

ACT IV.

Line 34. *SWAM in a gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

61. *A Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In some places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *leer*, but also the corn on the ground, &c." The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is used in *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. sc. 2. See *leer* in catch-word Alphabet.

"Here's

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer."

TOLLET.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, vol. iv. p. 321. *Lere* is supposed to mean skin, So, in *Isumbras* MS. Cott. Cal. ii. fol. 129.

"His lady is white as wales bone,

"Here *lere* brygte to se upon,

"So faire a blosme on tre." STEEVENS.

100. —*chroniclers of that age*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*:

"The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it—*Christian burial*."

I believe, however, the old copy is right. MALONE.

148. *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain.*]

Mr. Malone supposes an allusion here to some well known conduit: See *Diana*, catch-word Alphabet.

His conjecture is right. The allusion is to the Cross in Cheapside; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, as we learn from Stowe, in 1595: There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast. *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping

weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in the *City Match*, act iii. sc. 3.

Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain, which
Runs lamentations.

And again in Drayton:

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands.

Rasamond's Epistle to Henry II.

WHALLEY.

150. —[*I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena very much resembles a loud laugh.

So, in *The Cocker's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You laugh hyena like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

156. —[*make the doors*] See *Doors*, catch-word Alphabet.

161. —[*Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed thinks the allusion may be to the following performance: "*The Wit of Wit, Wit's Will or Will's Wit, chuse you whether containing five discourses, the effects whereof follow: Reade and Judge: Newly corrected and amended, being the fifth time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, gentleman, 4to. 1606.*"

167. *You shall never take her without her answer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10138—10149 :

“Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so ?
 “Now by my modre Ceres soul I swere,
 “That I shal yeve hire suffisant answer,
 “And alle women after for hire sake ;
 “That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
 “With face bold they shul hemselfe excuse,
 “And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
 “For laeke of answer, non of us shul dien.
 “Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
 “Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
 “And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
 “That ye shull ben as lewed as ben gees.”

TYRWHITT.

169. — *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's accusation*. JOHNSON.

187. *I will think you the most patheticall break-pro-mise.*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning :

“———most patheticall nit.” STEEVENS.

199. — *to her own nest.*] So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*. “And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what metal are you made of that you are so satyricall against women ? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest ?” STEEVENS.

224. *His leather skin and horns to wear.*] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the

the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the shoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Rosalynd, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

233. The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

234. *And here's much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, but without the least authority.

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* should be explained. It is an expression of latitude, and taken in various senses. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have still this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be sure to see him there much!" WHALLEY.

282. *Vengeance is used for mischief.*] JOHNSON.
See catch-word Alphabet.

293. *Youth and kind*] *Kind* is the old word for nature. JOHNSON.

See *Kind*, catch-word Alphabet.

304. *I see that love hath made thee a tame snake.*] This term was in our author's time frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"——the poorest snake

"That feeds on lemons, pilchards, &c.

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "——and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty." MALONE.

311. *Purlicu*, says, *Marshood's Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. 20. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoining unto the forest, meered and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disaforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old. REED.

328. —*napkin*, i. e. *handkerchief*.] *Naperia* Ital.

STEEVENS.

See *Naphin*, in catch-word Alphabet.

336. *Within an hour* ;] We must read, *within two hours*.

JOHNSON.

May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time*?

TYRWHITT.

337. —of *sweet* and *bitter fancy*.] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i.

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*——a *bitter* pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice." MALONE.

940. *Under an oak, &c.]* The passage stands thus in Lodge's *Novel*. * Saladyne wearie with wandering up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did afford, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting down the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carcases: and yet desirous to have some food, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, Fortune, that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare speare in his hande in great haste, he espyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceiving by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else

F

steale

steale away and leave him to the cruelty of the lyon.
In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c.

STEEVENS.

350. *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in
Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"——the starven lioness

"When she is dry-suckt of her eager young."

STEEVENS.

368. —in which hurtling] To *hurtle* is to move
with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air." STEEVENS.

See *Hurtle*, in catch-word Alphabet.

394. Dy'd in *his blood*,] The old copy reads—*this*
blood. The change, which was made by the editor
of the second folio, is perhaps unnecessary. Orlando
points to the handkerchief, when he presents it, and
Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was, after
the account that had been before given. MALONE.

399. *cousin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her first fright for-
gets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out
cousin, then recollects herself, and says *Ganymed*.

JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 32. *THE* heathen philosopher, when he desired to
eat a grape, &c.] This was designed as a sneer on the
several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions,
recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers

of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

65. *Is't possible, &c.*] Shakspeare by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's *Novel*, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. STEEVENS.

82. *And you, fair sister.*] Oliver speaks to Rosalind in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

93. ——— *never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams.*] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kennelworth-Castle, 1575*: — "ootrageous in their racez az rams at their rut."

STEEVENS.

103. ——— *Clubs cannot part them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's

Fij time,

time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs,*"—to *part* the combatants. So in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, Clubs; these lovers will not keep the peace.*"

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath of love,*"—shew that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

131. ———*human as she is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

JOHNSON.

134. ———*which I tender dearly,* though I say I am a magician:] The plain meaning is, *I have a high value for my life, though I pretend to be a magician; and therefore might be supposed able to elude death.*

REED.

162. ———*all trial, all observance;*] I suspect our author wrote—*all obedience.* It is highly probable that the compositor caught *observance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the same word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so near to each other.

MALONE.

192. ———*a woman of the world.*] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I."

STEEVENS.

We believe in this phrase there is an allusion to St. Luke's Gospel, xx. 34. "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

203. The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole.

JOHNSON.

206. — *the pretty rank time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the spring time, the onely pretty *rang* time.
I think we should read:

In the spring time, the only pretty *ring* time.
i. e. the aptest season for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the sake of equality of metre, may be omitted.

STEEVENS.

232. *As those that fear they hap, and know they fear.*] This 'strange nonsense should be read thus:

As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.
i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravations of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.
Or thus, with less alteration:

As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

F i i j

A s

As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read :

As those that *feign* they hope, and know they fear,

BLACKSTONE.

I would read :

As those that fear, *then* hope ; and know *then* fear,

MUSGRAVE.

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a semicolon.

As those that fear ; they hope, and know they fear.

HENLEY.

264. *Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c.]*

Strange beasts are what we call *odd* animals.

JOHNSON.

272. *trod a measure ;]* See catch-word Alphabet.

283. *— I desire you of the like.]* See a note on the first scene of the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraseology are given.

STEEVENS.

286. *To swear, and to forswear ; according as marriage binds and blood breaks :]* A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife, when therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORESWORN.

HENLEY.

293. *Dulcet diseases.]* This I do not understand. For *diseases* it is easy to read *discourses* : but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the *surfeiting diseases* of conversations. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases—i. e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. STEEVENS.

297. *As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard;*] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher in his *Queen of Corinth*.

“ —————Has he familiarly

“ *Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet*

“ *Was not exactly frenchified?* —————

“ —————or drawn your sword,

“ *Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye*

“ *In circle, or oblique, or semicircle,*

“ *Or direct parallel; you must challenge him.*”

WARBURTON.

318. *O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of former duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of the tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye,*
whereupon

whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniencies for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow: I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial.* V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye, or the counter-check quarrelsome.* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “—Conditional lyes be such as are given conditionally, thus—if thou hast said so or so, then thou lyeest. Of these kind of lyes, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the clown say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.* Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last act of *Love’s Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

319. —[*books for good manners.*] One of these books I have seen. It is entitled *The Boke of Nurture, or*

Schole

Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,
with *flans puer ad mensam*; black letter, without date.

STEEVENS.

Another is "Galateo of Maister John Casa, archbishop of Benevento. Or rather, a treatise of the manners and behaviours, it behoveth a man to use and eschewe in his familiar conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all gentlemen or other, translated from the Italian by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's-Inn, 4to, 1576." REED.

334. Like a *stalking horse*,] See catch-word Alph.

335. Enter Hymen,] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

342. ——— her with his, whose heart —] *Whose*, according to our author's usual licentious manner, refers not to the last antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. The old copy, by a manifest misprint, reads—*his hand*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

346. *If there be truth in sight*,] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, *if there be truth in shape*: that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

358. *If truth holds true contents*.] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity.

JOHNSON.

369. *Wedding is, &c.*] Catullus addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:

Quæ

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,
 Non queat dare præsides
 Terra finibus: at queat
 Te volente. Quis huic Deo.
 Compararier ausit.* JOHNSON.

382. Duke Frederick, &c.] In *Lodge's Novel*, the usurping duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and kill'd by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

424. *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.*]

Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and at the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

430. —no bush,] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus*. STEEVENS.

434. —————What a case am I in then, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus, *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault.

JOHNSON.

436. —furnish'd like a beggar,] That is dressed: so before, he was furnished like a huntsman.

JOHNSON.

348. —I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—that between you and the women, &c.] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises.

premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy.

WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable.

JOHNSON.

THE END.



V.

out

N.

in

le.

N.